

HUSTLER

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

JANUARY 1976 \$2.25

SPECIAL HOLIDAY ISSUE

**LIFE-SIZE
CENTERFOLD**

**THE TRUTH
ABOUT SANTA CLAUS**

**CONSUMER'S GUIDE
TO MEN'S MAGAZINES**

**APHRODISIAC RECIPES
FOR SWINGERS**

**INTERVIEW—
CRAIG BAUMGARTEN:
PORN'S ACTOR-PRODUCER**

**PROFILE—
JACK CIONE:
MAITRE D' OF
THE NAKED WAITERS**



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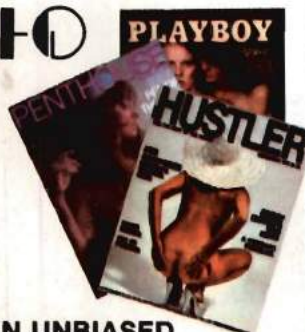
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**ASTROLOGICAL
GUIDE TO
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VOL. 2 NO. 7 JAN. 1976



Sin, Santa and Surprises!

Welcome to 1976, the Bicentennial birthday of our country! No doubt you've already been planning everything you're going to do next year that you never got done this year. We here at HUSTLER have been planning the New Year as well. We are constantly making HUSTLER the best buy for your money, and this is going to be one hell of a year!

Our HUSTLER interview this month is with **CRAIG BAUMGARTEN**, a former advance man for ex-Mayor of New York John Lindsay, and the director and male star of the X-rated *Sometime Sweet Susan*. I'm sure this exclusive interview will give you a new insight into the perverse nature of the people of porn.

JACK CIONE has become the profiteer of Women's Lib in the Hawaiian Islands by giving women the cock they deserve with his *Naked Waiter* revue. He's the man who made Butch Williams a "star," along with a lot of other studs. Read this HUSTLER Profile and learn how an average Joe made a fortune and had a ball! Sandra and her Donkey never had it so good.

As a special service to our readers this month, we are bringing you an "Unbiased Consumer's Guide to Men's Magazines." Writer **BRUCE DAVID** brings his talents to the pages of HUSTLER. David's one condition for taking this assignment was that HUSTLER could not censor his honest and witty observations on the strengths and weaknesses of the major men's magazines—including HUSTLER. Read for yourself how the "Girlie Mags" stack up.

To get the ball rolling for that special New Year's party, we suggest you cook up a few of the dishes listed in our "**APHRODISIAC RECIPES FOR SWINGERS**" by HUSTLER Contributing Editor **RICHARD CROWNOVER**. It's sure to make you the life of the party.

For fun and laughs and to find out what's really happening up at the North Pole, you'll bust your chestnuts reading "**JINGLE BALLS**," as you find out Mrs. Santa Claus is the one keeping the balls rolling.

Extra! Extra! Count Dracula is alive and well! Be sure to catch our own proof that he still sucks, in a ghoulishly sexy eight-page pictorial, "**THE LUST OF DRACULA**."

Also, HUSTLER brings you another collector's life-size centerfold with our own sea nymph, **DONNA**. A **MOTHER AND SON** pictorial on page 82 is sure to bring back fond memories, as **INGA** on page 28 and **SHERRY** on page 100 are going to make your future ones much more pleasant.

Enjoy all HUSTLER has to offer by catching **KINKY KORNER, BITS & PIECES** and other regular features, all designed especially for you. Happy New Year!

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher and
Executive Editor

HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

Larry C. Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

Jimmy R. Flynt
CO-PUBLISHER

Althea Leasure
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
& EXECUTIVE EDITOR

Irv Karchmar
MANAGING EDITOR

Bob Flora
ART DIRECTOR

Steve Hanley, John Hegenberger
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Contributing Editors:
Richard Crownover, John Farr,
Skip Fickling, Tim Beckley,
Bill Margold

Contributing Photographers:
Jerry Aronson, D. R. Goff

Contributing Artists:
Earl Hokens, Dan Kirk

COVER PHOTOGRAPH:
Robert Goocheyoney

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



If the U. S. Supreme Court is still groping for a final definition of true obscenity, they don't need to look any further than page 23 of the Summer, 1975, issue of *Soldier of Fortune*, a new magazine for "professional adventurers." That's where a full-page version of the

gut-wrenching picture shown above can be found. I'm sorry to spring this sickening sight on you as you settle back to enjoy 130 pages of beautiful women and erotic entertainment, but hopefully the shock will jar us all into a necessary reexamination of values—values expressed by an officialdom and a judiciary which will not permit the graphic depiction of people making love, but gives free license to life-hating gore porn such as this.

Soldier of Fortune is ostensibly designed for a readership of real and would-be mercenary soldiers—men who kill for pay while serving in foreign armies. Besides such features as this photograph (which served as a totally pointless illustration for an article), this magazine offers ads for fighting knives, silencers, sniper rifles—all the grisly paraphernalia of men who believe the greatest thrill in the world is to take someone else's life, as

brutally and painfully as possible. It is consciously aimed to appeal to the ugliest and most morbidly bloodthirsty facets of men's souls. Yet not a move is made to suppress this gruesome type of material, because it doesn't go against the ultimate taboo of depict-

ing sexual pleasure. Instead, magazines like *HUSTLER* must quibble with the authorities over the degree to which we can show people using and enjoying their God-given bodies. Could anything be more absurd?

There's damn little pretense about *Soldier of Fortune*. It's about death, hate and pain. There's also damn little pretense about the kind of erotica found in the pages of *HUSTLER*. It's about life, love and pleasure. So there's your choice, Mr. Chief Justice. What are we to have? My vote is for life.

Larry Flynt
EDITOR & PUBLISHER

SEDUCED BY A CENTERFOLD

I just have to write you people after seeing your September HUSTLER. I've heard of older women seducing younger men, but I didn't believe it could be true. After seeing Kathy Keeton, your 50 year old centerfold, I believe it. She's a super box! I just wanted to tell her that her photos really brought a rise to me. She just may have ruined me for younger girls for a long time. She's a seducer, alright. I just wish I could be one of the lucky ones.

E.P.
Address Withheld
by Request

I am 17 years old and an avid reader of your fabulous magazine. You have never failed to meet any of my expectations in previous issues, showing beautiful young bodies with their inviting open pussies, but then you destroyed your September '75 issue by printing photos of a wilted old hag! You wasted your centerfold section with pictures of ugliness and flabby skin. It was inexcusable.

I hope you consider my letter as a guideline to what the younger generation wants to see. I enjoy your magazine immensely and have never been disappointed by any of your issues, but to poison your magazine with the likes of that woman was a sacrilege. I'm sure the younger readers of this mag will agree with me on my point.

Y Yammiuk
S.F., Ontario

Wise up, kid. You'll be 50 years old yourself sooner than you think, and you should hope to

God you'll look as good as Kathy. One of the reasons we featured Kathy as a centerfold was because so many younger readers asked for it.

PRISON CENSORSHIP

My first copy of HUSTLER was the September issue. I got a quick look through it and started with your Publisher's Statement. I couldn't believe my eyes when I read it. First of all, you can tell Jessyca Russell Gaver that she is totally full of shit. Second, I am one of the prison inmates you speak about in your editorial. I'm serving a 6-year term at Oxford, Wisconsin. You hit the nail right on the head. I never thought anybody would speak up for us and lend a hand. Thank you from all of us here. Till today I have been a *Penthouse* and *Oui* fan. I am subscribing immediately for all back issues. I'm going to pass your magazine around here; no one here seems to know about HUSTLER.

Your magazine is so heavy I can't stand it. Every page is a bitch. Not one bad article. Not even *Penthouse* and *Oui* can say that. Keep up the good work! Anything I can do to further your magazine, feel free to write me and let me know. I'm your man here at Oxford, Wisconsin. If you want to publish this letter you have my permission. HUSTLER is the first real men's magazine ever and it's about time. "Thanks, We Needed That!"

George Xenos
(09697-147)
Oxford Correctional
Institute
Oxford, Wisconsin

Dear Larry:

Just finished reading your Publisher's Statement in the September issue of HUSTLER, thus the enclosed editorial cartoon. If you can use it in any way to help shake the bureaucratic tree, just a little bit, please feel free to do so as it is my small contribution toward the cause.



Our views on censorship, freedom of the press and the bureaucracy of this country are more than just close. And to see someone in your position take a stand and do something about it is more than gratifying, to say the least. I could write a book on the issue you discussed in this issue of HUSTLER, and someday I just might do it. Right now, I have to get back to the drawing board. Keep it up, Larry; I think you'll find more of us out here behind you than you ever dreamed.

George Ribken
Hollywood, Calif.

Thank you very much for the cartoon, George. We are printing it here on this page for the benefit of all those who share our views about censorship and freedom.

I'm an inmate of the California Men's Colony, and I bought a subscription to HUSTLER. But when the first issue was sent to me, the mail room staff here at the colony kept it and told me I couldn't have the magazine because it is obscene. They sell *Playboy* and *Penthouse* in the canteen and also let in a lot of other magazines like yours. I think this is against my Constitutional rights, and also I don't think it's fair to let one in and not another. I plan to take this to court, and I'd like to know if there's any way you might be able to help me with this.

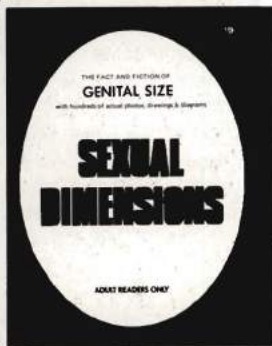
Berkley R. Partridge
San Luis Obispo, Calif.

We have contacted the American Civil Liberties Union in California about your case, and they have begun to investigate the incident. Federal prison guidelines state that no publication which



"This is what I have to 'Ho-Ho-Ho' about!"

HUSTLER BOOK SERVICE



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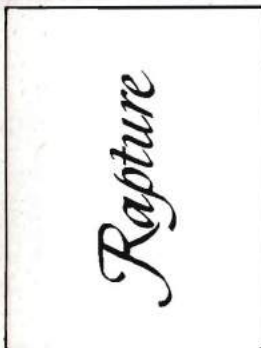
Show Me!



A Picture Book of Sex for Children and Parents. Photography and Captions by Will McBride. Explanatory Text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt.

No. 11

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RAPTURE

Never before has such erotic beauty been captured by the camera's roving eye. Artist/Photographer Ron Raffaelli expresses the love of a man and a woman in the fascinating form of pictorial prose. In thirteen of the most breath-taking sexual fantasies imaginable, the reader is elevated to the highest levels of ecstasy. Mind-blowing and mouth-watering.

No. 12

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SEX PRIMER

Here is a collection on some of the funniest sex-plicit cartoons in years. Flowing copiously from Rod Q. M. Gurk's pen on the veiled satires of Beetle Bailey, Superman, B.C. and more. One story shows and tells how a motorcycling chick finds true happiness with a cousin of Smokey the Bear. And the game of football will never seem the same after reading "The Football Sex Syndrome." Sure to tickle your bone, funny or otherwise.



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CLASSIC FAIRY TALES

Sir Rod Q. M. Gurk does it again, and this time in the funny fantasy world that Disney never told you about. *Goldilocks* skips her meeting with the bears and comes upon three bold hunters instead. *Cinderella* has herself a ball at Prince Charming's Royal Ball, while her two ugly stepsisters mutually indulge themselves. And *Jack and the Beanstalk* rises through the clouds to encounter the biggest piece of ass in creation. A riot in the nursery.

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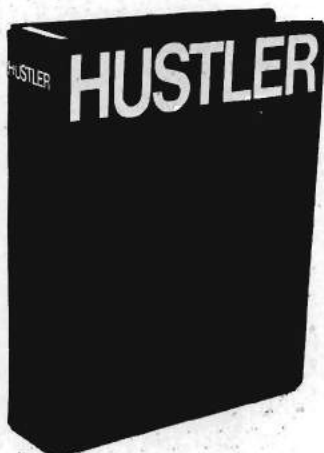
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has mass circulation and is available in drugstores and foodstores on the "outside" (as HUSTLER is) can be considered pornographic, which means prison authorities have no legal leg to stand on in suppressing HUSTLER. Usually in such cases, only the threat of legal action is sufficient to discourage overzealous prison censors. Let us know if this doesn't work for you.

"TASTELESS PIECE OF SHIT"

Attention: Larry Flynt & Staff

Today my husband brought home your August 1975 issue of HUSTLER. This is the first and last time your disgusting magazine will ever come into my house. I don't mind my husband bringing home girlie magazines as long as they are in good taste, such as Playboy, but yours is the most tasteless piece of shit around.

Your readers must all be perverts like yourselves. It's disgusting the way you are trying to degrade Jackie Kennedy. I don't believe that those pictures are of her. You probably put her head on someone else's body. I hope she sues you. My husband also found your magazine revolting after looking through it. I dare you to print this letter.

Mrs. V. Peterson
Mt. Holly, N.J.

Today we printed your disgusting letter. This is the first and last time it will appear in HUSTLER. It's disgusting the way you are trying to degrade us. You probably put our magazine inside of some other mag's cover when you read it. Our Associate Editor also found your letter revolting after reading it. We dare you not to read HUSTLER again.

"GOD WILL GETCHA . . ."

A few years ago Esquire and Playboy were the only so called "girlie" magazines. Now the shelves are crawling with magazines exposing both the male and female bodies. These books have many good articles and display some of the most beautiful girls I have ever seen, with the most gorgeous figures.

I am a fairly broad-minded person and know all about sex, because I am married. I have no objection to seeing a beautiful face and body in magazines and I know there are many who appreciate a beautiful face and figure. But when you expose human bodies with photos showing positions depicting sex, you are demoralizing and turning something beautiful, exotic, precious and sacred into something that is sickening, lust-luring, ugly, disgusting, downright degrading, and an insult to decent women and men.

Sex was created by God as something beautiful; it is the extreme feeling called ecstasy between two lovers in privacy. You knew there was a God, right? Or are you all ignorant dumb turkeys with no respect for God, yourselves, or the women who pose for you, who couldn't care less as long as you make the almighty dollar?

Sincerely,
A Friend

Why do you suppose God gave us these beautiful faces and bodies? We suspect it was so that we

would be attracted to each other and enjoy sex without shame or guilt—something which you obviously should learn.

"OFF THE WALL" COMMENTS

Maybe I'm too old to look at books like this, but even though I'm in my 70's, I still enjoy good female nudes. Trouble is, good ones are hard to find. I've been all through the Key Club sales promotions—Playboy Charter Member, etc. Now I don't even subscribe to Playboy anymore.

Your pictures of Peggy Hood ("Off the Wall from West Virginia" Sept. 1975) were so good I'd like to have a lot of her pictures. She looks at you, smiles, makes you want to love her. Peggy makes me feel young again. Young enough, maybe!

John L. Kaufman
Trenton, N.J.

If Miss Peggy Hood ever gets out this way I will volunteer to show her that guys west of the Mississippi are super-good pussy eaters. Her succulent, delicious-looking, hanging lunch box really turned me on.

L. Blank
Seattle, Washington

I've been buying girlie magazines since I was twelve—of course I swiped more of them than I paid for. Now I'm twenty-six. I have yet to see a better magazine than Playboy, including yours. Their photography is great and their girls are beautiful. Why is it that no one can duplicate this? Why do all magazines use maybe one outstanding chick and the rest are dogs, used to fill in the space?

Your September issue is a real bummer! Your 50 year old centerfold should have kept her clothes on, and on a scale from "A" to "C," Peggy Hood just qualifies. If you're going to show some pussy, let's see some good stuff. Put some class in your ass and get cracking!

As for the rest, your articles are basically well-written and the stories are good. I especially like the X-Rated Reviews and Kinky Korner. If there was really a Honey Hooker who looked like that, I'd change my name to "Stanley Stud" and service her 24 hours a day.

Keep improving your magazine, and I for one wish you luck in competing with Playboy.

Rex Stevenson
Des Moines, Washington

Different strokes for different folks, Rex. The world is made up of individual guys with individual tastes—they like girls short and tall, big and small. In trying to fill as many of those tastes as possible, our girls are also individuals, instead of looking like they were all stamped out of the same Barbie Doll mold.

PUSSY LOVING POKER PLAYERS

I purchased the July and September issues of HUSTLER (August was sold out) and took them to my monthly poker game. As a group, the poker players represent a very good consensus of men's opinions. The five players average 35 years of age, are all in a high income bracket,

continued on page 127

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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: Advise and Consent Editor, HUSTLER, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

I have read that a woman's clitoris achieves an erection something like a man's penis during sexual stimulation, but I haven't noticed that to occur, although the women I've been in bed with don't seem to have had particularly large clitorises.

Arnold Stein
San Francisco, Calif.

A woman's clitoris does achieve something like an erection during sexual stimulation, but it is different from an erection in a man. The penis and the clitoris are equivalent to each other; both swell with blood and become highly sensitive during sexual stimulation. However, while the penis enlarges and stands out, the clitoris may actually appear to retract as it swells.

Also we suspect that the women you have been in bed with have quite normal-sized clitorises. The super large clitorises you read about in pornography—which even enable one woman to fuck another—are, with rare exception, purely fictitious.

When I come, I always have a feeling that something is missing inside, that it could be better; it's like an unscratched itch. I've talked to my wife, and she has suggested reaching around and sticking her finger in my ass when I'm coming. This does not sound quite right to me. What do you say?

Name and Address
Withheld by Request

The male orgasm involves the rhythmic contractions of muscles around the prostate gland, and for many men a gentle massage of the prostate can be quite enjoyable. We recommend that you loosen up. When you're done fucking, or sometime when she is masturbating you, have

her do a serious job of rooting around in your asshole. If you are relaxed and receptive to her massage, you should experience more intense pleasure than you ever thought possible. Just be careful that her fingernail doesn't get you, or you'll wind up having scratched that itch of yours a little too hard.

My wife is taking yoga classes and has started giving me a hard time about sex. She says her yoga instructor says that fucking depletes the body's vital energies, and that she wants us to abstain for a while. It seems to me that people have been fucking for thousands of years and haven't had any troubles with their vital energies. What is going on here?

Robert Anthony
San Diego, California

Any of several things could be going on here. There are numerous schools of yoga and they all have different views toward sex, ranging all the way from complete abstinence to the use of intercourse as a form of meditation. Most forms of yoga equate the man's semen with vital energy. However, there are several ways around the problem. One is to have intercourse without an orgasm, thereby retaining the semen and, according to yoga theory, transmitting it into vital essences. Another approach is for the man to have an ejaculation, allow his semen to mix with the fluids in the woman's vagina, and then to draw the mixed fluid back into the penis (a trick some yogis claim to have mastered).

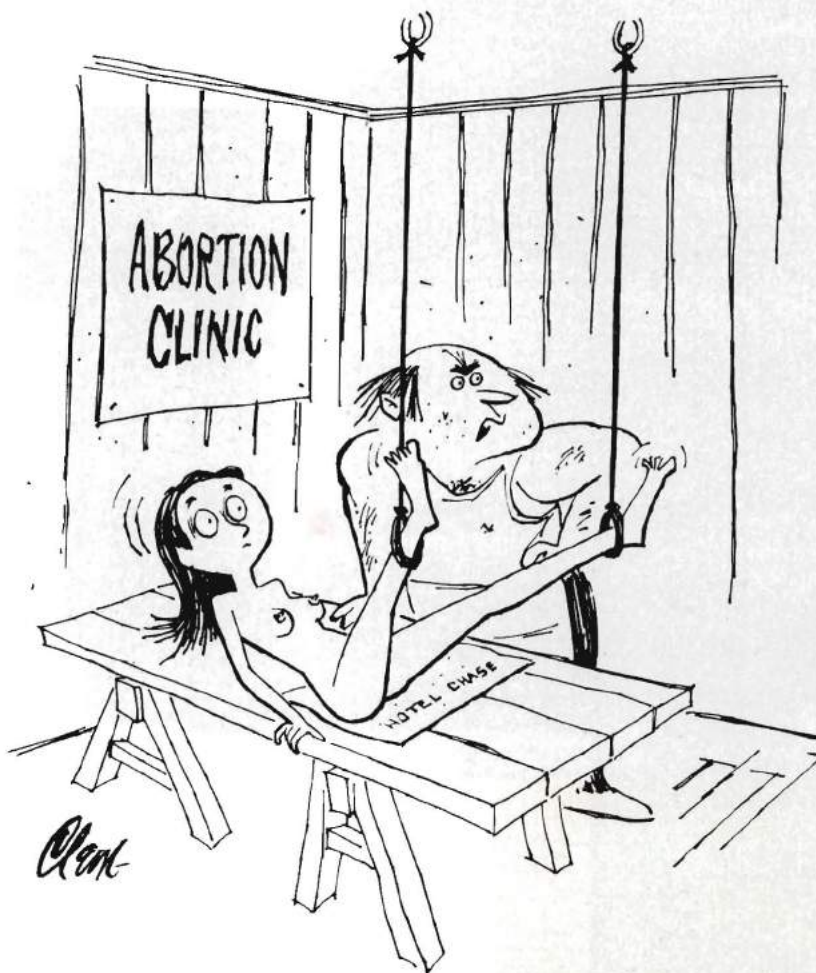
It seems to be a practice of some yoga masters to preach abstinence, particularly for the male students (females don't lose vital fluids since they don't ejaculate). This then leaves the field open for the yoga master to make it with his female students. We suggest you check a bit further into what might be going down between your wife and her yoga teacher.

Recently my wife, Ellen, confirmed to me a suspicion that I have had for several months now, namely that she is having an affair with another woman. At first I didn't believe it, but Ellen convinced me that it was true. She and a woman who is a good friend of ours have been having sex with each other for several months. It started with sitting around for coffee after dropping the kids off at school. They were recalling how they had played "doctor" together when they were little (they grew up together) and one thing led to another, with it all ending up in bed. Ellen says that she doesn't love me any less, that she still enjoys sex with me, but that she also enjoys sex with her friend.

Louis Harren
Wichita, Kansas

It's obvious what your problem is. Your problem is how to get your wife to invite you to join her and her friend in bed. Check last issue's Sex Play, "The Unique Thrills of Threesomes," and see if you don't come out on top.

Last weekend I was skinny dipping in a salt water inlet out on Long Island. The weather was
continued on page 97

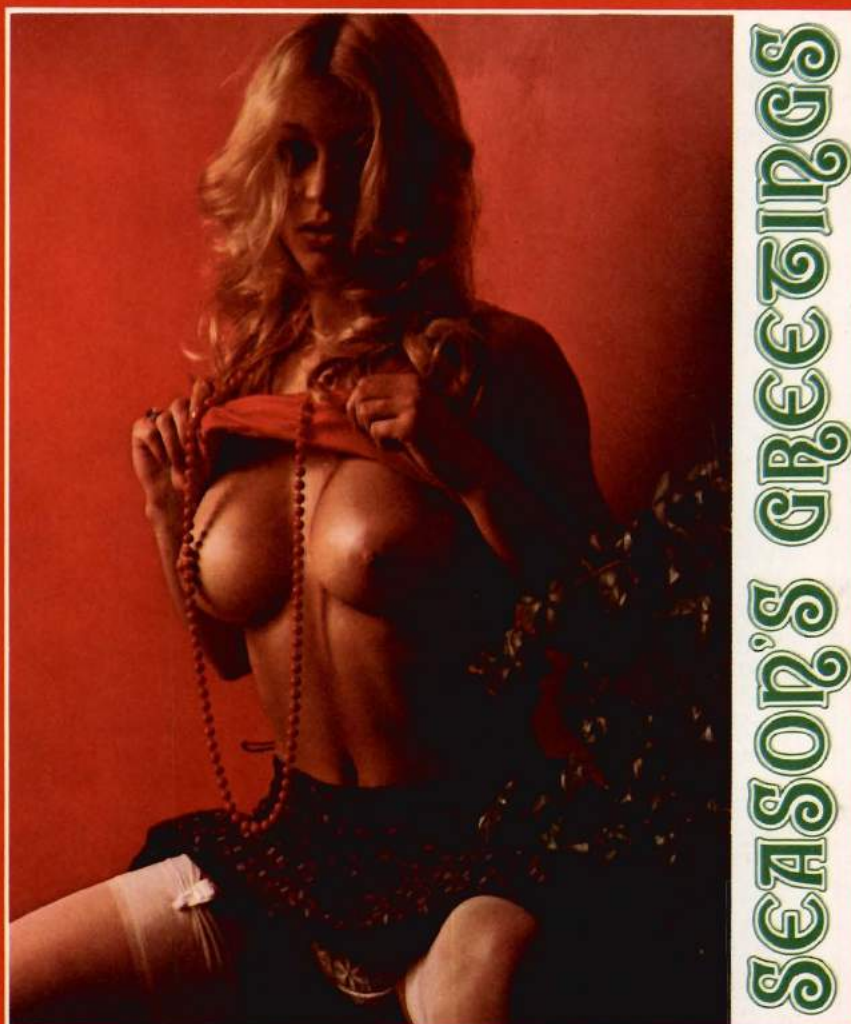


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BITS & PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

As of this writing, Prime Minister of India, Indira Gandhi, has already arrested 25,000 people in what has been the most dramatic reversal of democratic rule in India's history. This miserable bitch, found guilty of "fixing" the last election, was ordered to resign. The order must have come during her menopause. She then declared a "state of emergency," imposed immediate martial law, and made herself the titular dictator of India, long the most democratic nation on the Asian continent. She continued to flabbergast the free world by

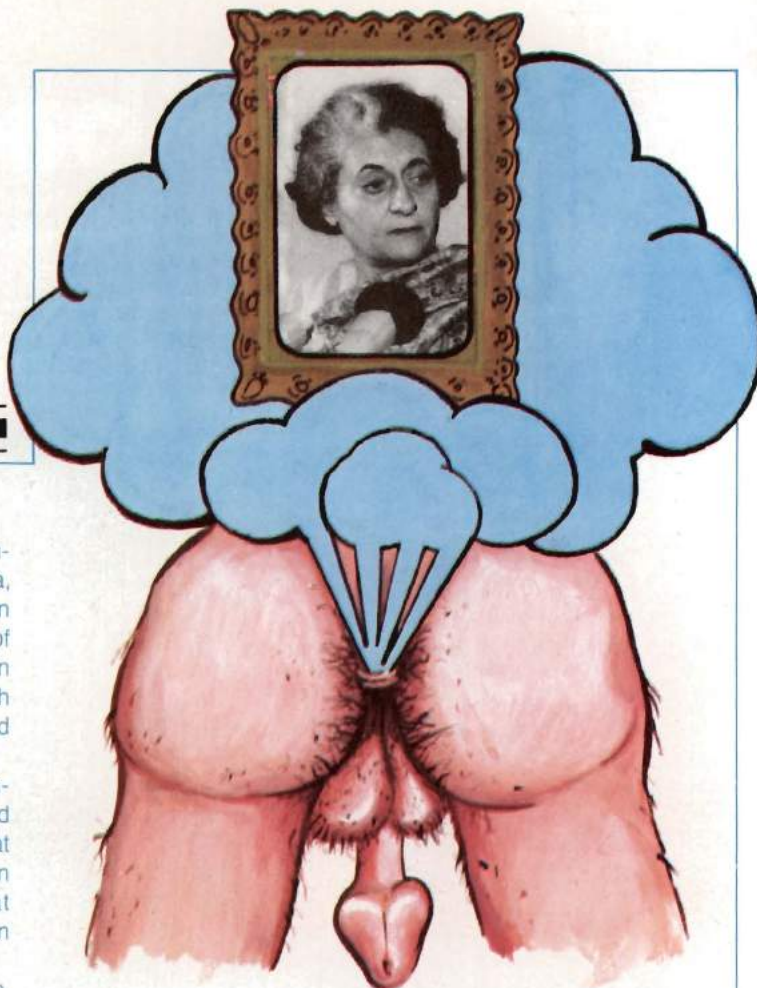
imposing absolute state censorship on all news media, going so far as to force foreign newsmen to sign a pledge of obedience. The rabid cunt then *changed* the laws under which she was convicted and declared herself innocent.

It was frightening. This country can consider itself blessed to have a government that checks and balances its own excesses of power. What would Nixon have done if given half the chance?

We can only hope that Ms. Gandhi is given the sacred punishment of Kali, Hindu Goddess of Death—to be tied

to an anthill, her sour cunt and stinking asshole smeared with honey. A fitting end for

someone who fucked her country and then shit on its people.



TRICKY DICK IN FLICKS?

What does an ex-President do after leaving office? After rubbing elbows with the mighty, and having the power of life or death over most of the globe, it's just not enough to open up a miniature golf course or something like that. One feels

the desire to remain in the public eye.

Some enterprising porno movie producers have suggested that our current living ex-President do exactly that—plus make enough money to pay off his legal

fees—by performing in their prurient productions. Fired with enthusiasm over the prospect of creating a new star in the fuck-flick firmament, one syndicate worked up a mechanical model to convince the retired ruler of how—with just a

smattering of plastic surgery—his face could be his fortune. "With his nose, he'd be a natural for those two-on-one scenes," one pornographic movie mogul enthused. So far, San Clemente hasn't returned any of their calls.



KREMLIN CRANK

The recent Apollo-Soyuz space mission proved to be a "joint" Russian-American venture in more ways than one. Not only did the Soviet and American astronauts get insights into each other's scientific techniques, they also pooled their knowledge on more mundane aspects of space travel as well. In an informal discussion with HUSTLER's Science Editor, one of the American fly-boys revealed the Russians' mode of urinary self-control as it has been demonstrated to him by a stoic Cosmonaut. "Frankly, our side had just about given up on the problem of 'holding your water' through the days and weeks of space travel," the Astronaut confided, "but it looks as if the Russians have just about got it licked!" And if you think this is weird, you should see what they do about taking a shit.



BLINK AND YOU'LL MISS IT

Avid followers of the adventurous Colonel Steve Austin, "The Six Million Dollar Man" (now marked down to \$19.95), know that Austin's creators have been laboring furiously to fabricate a bionic female counterpart who can withstand the grueling test of the super-powered stud's amorous advances. The "Seeing-Eye Cunt" on one such feminine model, pictured here, was originally intended to assist ex-Astronaut Austin in making a smooth entry during penile

docking maneuvers with his mate. The bright blue orb was designed so that it could be extended or retracted at will during the "link-up," and was equipped with infrared "Night Vision" to detect any stray crabs or chancres the sly Colonel might try to slip in under cover of darkness. Unfortunately, this wonderful innovation had to be rejected for failing to pass quality control, as it unexplainedly became bloodshot every 28 days.



WONDER WOMAN

HUSTLER now presents a harrowing expose of the Underground Comix menace. The sweet child pictured here was once so innocent that she won the "Little Miss America" contest. Then came the day when Zap Comics reared into view.

The combined impact of "Mr. Natural" and "The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers" (not even to fucking mention "Captain Pissgums and His Pervert Pirates") struck at her tender bosom with such stunning stimulation that **ZAP** she was instantly transformed into the boobatious Carol Doda. Our thanks to comix connoisseur Clay Geerdes for bringing this incident to our attention.



WHO COOKED THIS SHIT?

We knew it would come to this, eventually . . . Two civil engineers in Britain have suggested that human excrement be reconverted into food, as a possible solution to the world food crisis. The two scientists, C.D. Reed and J.A. Tolley of the University of Liverpool, noted that, "work in

this laboratory with human feces has demonstrated that after homogenizations, followed by steam sterilization, oven drying and final cooking, the result is not unpalatable . . . When famine threatens, human feces properly prepared may have some dietary merit." This may or may not be welcome news to the famished millions in Africa's "Drought Belt," but it's certainly an old, old story to anyone unlucky enough to have sampled the U.S. Army's version of "cream-ed chipped beef on toast."



SCORECARD: PENTHOUSE — 6, HUSTLER — 17

Once again, *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione is revealing himself to be the Dr. Frankenstein of the men's magazine field—grafting

together the most prominent characteristics of his competitors into a clanking, clumsy hulk, with the bolts sticking out. Witness the October issue of

SEARS-SUCKER SUIT

Boy, it must be tough modelling men's underwear for the Sears catalog. Those damn, drafty studios. Impersonal photographers and art directors moving you around like a piece of meat. It's hard enough trying to maintain some semblance of dignity while you're being photographed in your skivvies, for Chrissake, without the damned things being starched to boot. And you're supposed to pose like it's perfectly normal for two guys to be standing there shoulder-to-shoulder, rapping casually in their boxers and briefs. As if you don't catch enough shit about being queer just because you're a male model. . . . And what's it all for?

So some horny hausfrau in the boondocks can rub herself off because she's too embarrassed to pick up a copy of *Playgirl*, that's what!

Well, apparently it all just got to be *too much* for one of Sears' put-upon models and he hiked his pantywaist up too high, inadvertently letting it all hang out. On page 602 of the 1975 Fall and Winter Catalog, to be exact. There were red faces all around at Sears when the letters from sharp-eyed (or horny) readers came pouring in. No official comment, but female shoppers are advised that this is one item you *cannot* order by mail.

Leon Taylor
(earliest entry won the \$50)



Penthouse, in which Guccione finally focuses his camera enough to unveil a grand total of six "Pink Shots" — a blatant rip-off of the unique photographic style originated by *HUSTLER*. (For the record, there are 17 "Smiling Beavers" in the October *HUSTLER*.)

Obviously, the only way Guccione's stunted imagination can respond to *HUSTLER*'s meteoric success

is by opening up the beavers of his models, but the overall style of his magazine remains as dull and imitative as Guccione's mind.

We invite our readers to buy and compare *Penthouse* with *HUSTLER*. We are sure that when you do, you'll agree that Guccione's latest mimicry—like all of his self-proclaimed "innovations"—is too little, too late.



ATOMIC TESTICLES

Wearing pants is 8,000 times more dangerous than nuclear power, according to Dr. Bernard L. Cohen, director of the Scaife Nuclear Physics Laboratory on the Pittsburgh University campus. "Tight fitting trousers warm the gonads somewhat more, so a few days of wearing them does as much damage as a lifetime of exposure to nuclear power," Dr.

Cohen estimated in the *Public Utilities Fortnightly*. He goes on to explain that, "It has been estimated that if men would wear kilts instead of pants, the temperature would be reduced enough to eliminate about half of all genetic defects." All this sounds like those atomic scientists would be smart to wear kilts.

Lew Arthur

ROCKS OFF

Mick Jagger, lead singer of the Rolling Stones, has always promoted an image of himself and his group as being dangerous and degenerate. Followed closely by other geek acts like Alice Cooper and David Bowie, the Stones have hyped themselves as the epitome of "Punk-Fag-Glitter Rock," which dictates that it is cool to prance around on stage in sequined makeup like a drag act at the Continental Baths, while making veiled references to their oh-so-close relationships with male buddies and other members of the band. Of course, all are careful that the public knows they are

safely married or shackled up with some slinky fox, offstage. But when it came time to lay his lifestyle on the line in a film, Jagger didn't have the balls.

After viewing a finished copy of "Cocksucker Blues," the picture financed by the Rolling Stones and directed by Robert Frank, Jagger ordered the shelving of the strip, made for the glorification of his group. "Cocksucker Blues" alternates erotic scenes with depressing views of people getting high. Even a sequence of Jagger jerking himself off appears hopelessly dull and cold.

It appears Jagger may "like to play the blues," but he doesn't want his public to think he is, in fact, a cocksucker.

Laurence Santrey



printed, I'll just type "Blank" or "Blankety" for the really bad words and you can fill in.

Blank, blankety, blankety blank
Blank, blankety, blankety blank.
Blank blankety blank
Blank blankety blank
Blank blankety, blankety, FUCK.

Now what I want to know is, is my husband a dirty old man?

Signed,
Poet's Wife

Dear Poet's Wife:

Blank you, very much.

Dear Dr. Beard:

My husband took my 14 year old son to a house of prostitution to "teach him the facts of life." How can I undo the bad impressions he has undoubtedly received?

Signed,
He Told Me

Dear He Told Me:

The damage is done. The lad will grow up with the delusion that all beautiful women are sexually adept.

Dear Dr. Beard:

My husband collects porn. He has drawers full. When we have guests, he insists on showing them his photographs, which embarrasses me to death. Many couples have stopped visiting us because of this. What can I do?

Signed,
Snapshot

Dear Snapshot:

People have stopped visiting because the people in the photographs were strangers. Nothing puts off showing pictures like exhibiting strangers. I suggest you and your husband hire a photographer and take action shots of you and the other couple getting it on together. Or, cheaper yet, buy a Polaroid. That way your

neighbors will enjoy the pictures more, and the "stranger avoidance" syndrome will be cured.

Dear Dr. Beard:

My brother thinks he's Vincent Van Gogh. He paints a lot. Lately, he's taken to fondling his ear. What should we do?

Signed,
Tube o' Paint

Dear Tube o' Paint:

Get him drunk some night and hand him a razor. And if you can time it right, sell tickets.

Dear Dr. Beard:

My 18 year old son is living with an 85 year old woman. How can I get him to come home?

Signed,
Mother

Dear Mother:

He is.



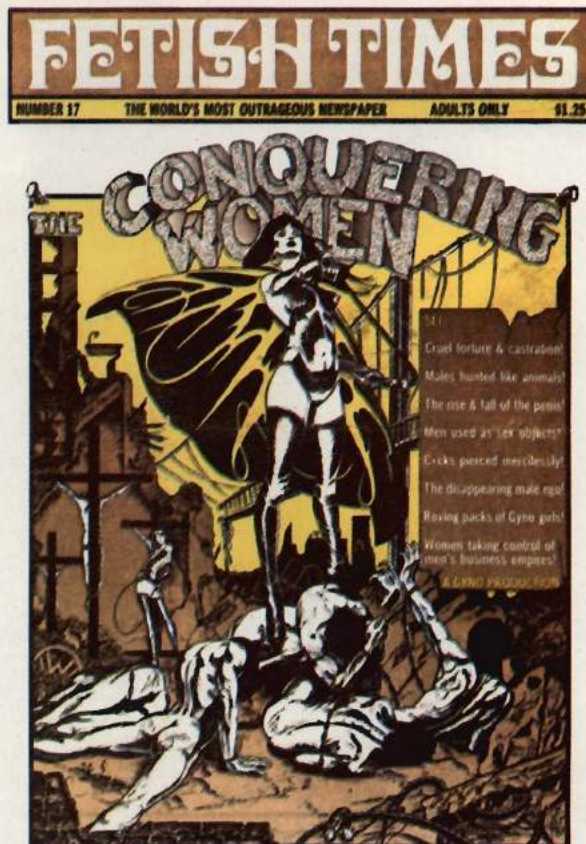
FETISH FUNNIES

Pictured on the right is the cover illustration from a recent issue of *Fetish Times*. Notice the strange similarity between it and the popular comic book character, Vampirella, shown on the left.

Could it be that the female blood sucker moonlights as a S&M chick? Is the seductive lady vampire in reality a closet-case brass-bitch? Or, has all that blood just gone to her pretty, little head?

Remember those erotic 8-page comics from years gone by that were full of the latest sexual antics of Popeye, Barney Google, and Fritz Ritz? Well, suffice it to say that once again a child's comic book character has become a part of America's sexual fantasy.

All of which makes us fantasize about Plastic Man, the Flash, and the Human Torch. Nuff said.



ANIMAL CRACKER

Fucking in public has finally been banned in Stanfield, Oregon (population 900) by the city fathers. "We just have too damned much of it," one weary councilman declared. "They do it around here on lawns, rooftops, sidewalks, fields, even in church if they can do it when no service is going on. God knows, maybe they've even done that!"

Actually, the new Stanfield ordinance only prohibits "all domestic animals in the act of copulation exposed to public view." According to this new regulation a fellow can go on fucking his German shepherd if he is careful to do it in his own back yard and in an *undomesticated* manner.

Glory-Us Productions




PRE-RAG BANGING



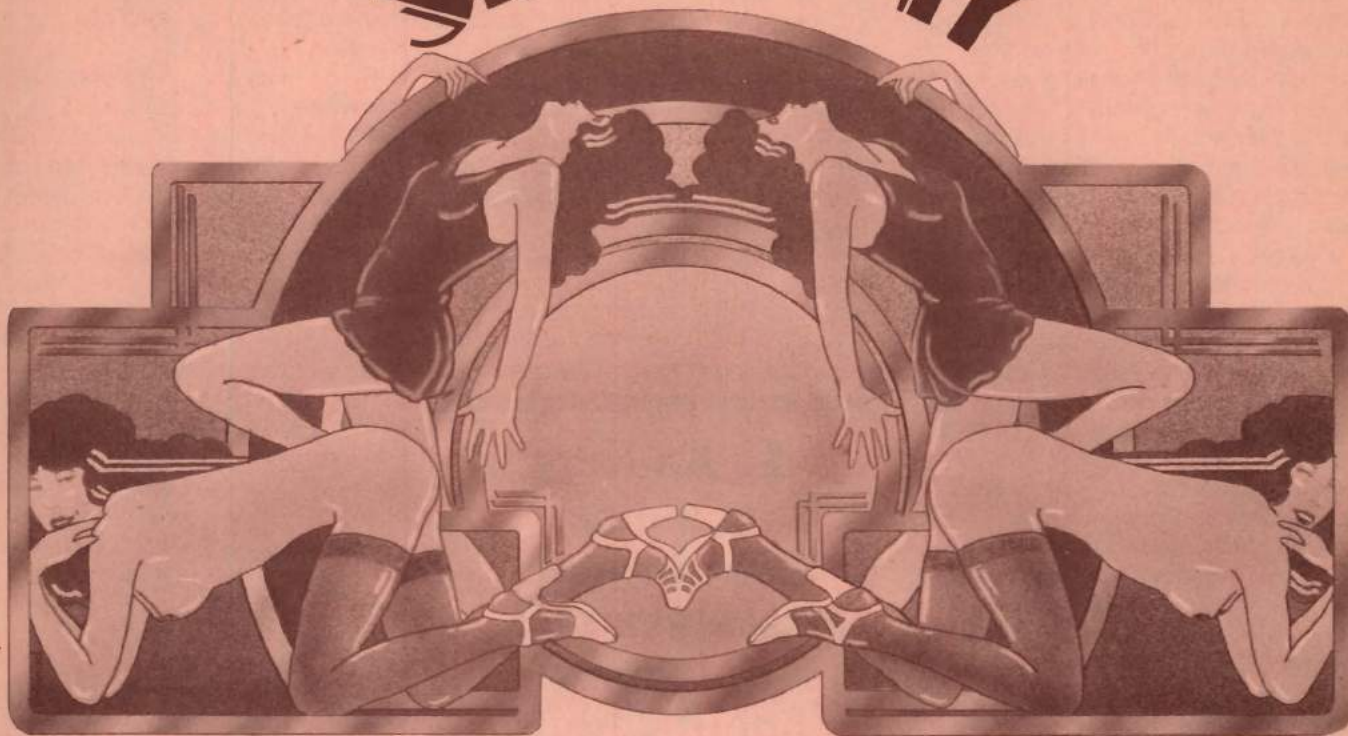
If you're one of those sneaky seducers who believes in oiling up your chick with a few belts before putting the moves on her, modern science has once again done its part to make things easier for you. Tireless

research of earth-shattering significance performed by Dr. Ben Morgan Jones of the University of Oklahoma revealed that "females tested during the premenstrual phase reached a significantly higher peak of intoxication and demonstrated significantly faster absorption rates than females tested at other phases of the menstrual cycle." In other words, women get drunker faster right before their periods, and are more susceptible. But if your timing is off by a day or so, you're liable to wind up with a hangover, hemorrhaging hussy. Thanks for the tip, Doc.

Karen Paschke

If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. 

SEX PLAY



Planning The Ultimate Orgy

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. Pleasures which have remained hidden too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability.

This series, the eighth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Farr

We arrived late at Bob and Silvia's party. We knew it was late not only because it was after eleven, but because two nude women chasing a half-dressed man flashed in front of our headlights as we pulled into the driveway of Bob and Silvia's secluded suburban ranch house. Things had already started. It was a hot evening, and my wife, Amy, headed for the swimming pool as soon as I found a space among the cars scattered in the circular driveway. I went in the front door without ringing.

I took my clothes off in the dimly lit entrance foyer and folded them up in one of the pillow cases Bob and Silvia leave in the closet for that purpose—one of the little conveniences of their parties (valuables are to be locked in the car). I'm usually not in

any hurry to get my clothes off at an orgy, but since I was already late, I figured what-the-hell, why not?

The living room was almost empty: a threesome on the sofa quietly making love, the hum of a vibrator as two women were playing with it and with each other. From the sounds of music, laughter, and splashing, I could tell that the real action was out at the pool. I decided to get a drink before going out and joining the fun.

At the bar I was jumped. Not figuratively, but rather literally. I heard my name screeched: "JOHNEEEEE!" and just as I was turning I saw Betty, a short, compactly buxom redhead who had been after me for several months, running in my direction.

Ten feet from me she took off, her legs and arms splayed out, her red-haired cunt

open and flying straight at me. She hit, wrapping me in her arms and legs, and brought me down, no damage done. A half dozen people at the bar were in hysterics laughing. Pressing her advantage, Betty reached between my legs and scooped up my prick and balls.

"Johnny," she giggled, "I got you, Johnny. Let's go inside. There's half an empty waterbed, and I've been wanting to fuck you for weeks. Let's go."

She turned around and took my prick in her mouth. It was still limp and she got it all the way in, running her tongue around it while sticking her plump ass up in my face. I grabbed her ass with my hands, pulled myself forward, and buried my face between her cheeks, slipping my tongue into her asshole. I reamed her delicious

wriggling ass for a minute and then pulled out, saying, "Sure, let's go."

The bedroom was lit by several candles scented with pine incense. On the giant waterbed two men and a woman were massaging a second woman who had come at least half a dozen times. She was on her back, her legs open, drenched with scented oils and her own perspiration. The two men and the other woman were each taking turns eating her, making her come, while the other two caressed her body.

Eventually the other four people stopped and lay still. Betty turned to me and smiled, her green eyes twinkling from under her mussed curly red hair. I eased her onto her back, lifted her legs, and slipped into her. Her cunt was tight and warm, but slippery from its wetness. I looked down on her firm full breasts, and the copper color of her freckled tanned skin. The feminine odor of her cunt mixed with the smell of sex and incense already in the room as we started to move gently, our motions being picked up and amplified by the responsive waterbed.

We rocked, feeling our bellies coming together with each thrust. Betty smiled as she began to come. She knew that I would try to keep from coming, saving myself for the rest of the evening. She started squeezing me with her cunt. I smiled because I knew it wasn't going to work. Just when I thought I had her beat, she wet her middle finger in her mouth and reached around behind, slipping it up my ass.

Shit! I didn't have a chance. The combination of her wriggling bottom, her squeezing cunt, and her finger moving around in my ass was too much.

I was beat. We came together while the four people we had watched earlier now watched us. One of the women held Betty's free hand as she came. Betty joined the other people on the bed and I went out to the pool to see what was happening. There were about a dozen people sitting around the deck watching another ten or so splashing around in the water. My wife, Amy, was the center of attraction, apparently somehow having two men in her and still managing to keep afloat. I sat down next to our hostess, Silvia, to watch.

Silvia, known in our circle as "the hostess with the mostess," and quite famous for her orgies, is a slim blond woman in her late thirties, narrow hiped, small breasted, and fantastic in bed. However, it was her abilities as a hostess I was interested in this evening, as HUSTLER had sent me out to delve into the secrets of her success.

"How would you go about planning the perfect orgy?" I asked Silvia.

"Of course, there are a lot of important things," Silvia responded, "but the guest list is the most important. You've got to have

the right mix of people."

"What do you consider the right mix?" I asked.

"Well, this party is pretty good, so I'll use it as an example. There are thirty-five people here. I prefer thirty, but thirty-five is okay for a large party. Of course, you can have smaller, more intimate affairs for a dozen or so, but I prefer larger groups. It gives you more freedom and variety. With thirty-five, if five or ten people don't want to participate, it's no problem."

"What is your rule on participation?" I asked.

"No rule. That's important," Silvia replied. "Anyone can do or not do anything he pleases, as long as he can find someone to

“An orgy is a nice way to just have sex and not worry about who it is with.”

do it with. The only rule is not to bother someone who doesn't want to be bothered.

"The next step is the make-up of the guest list," Silvia continued. "I try to keep it about half men and half women, but when there are this many, it doesn't have to be exactly equal. I also like about half singles and half couples, and we invite people from different groups of friends, so that most people here know about ten people and don't know the other twenty-five. You don't want people who don't know anyone, since that would make them uncomfortable. At the same time, you want people you *don't* know, as well. There's nothing duller than going to an orgy and finding out that you've already slept with everyone there. No adventure.

"After the guest list, I always like to have some reason for the party besides sex. It takes the pressure off. This one is to celebrate Bob's finishing a course in Chinese cooking. He prepared a twelve-course dinner, which you missed because you were late. The food gave people something to talk about besides sex.

"And then, we're lucky in having the swimming pool. A little nude swimming always helps to break the ice. Actually that's how we got started in group sex. But that's disgressing. You wanted to know about being a hostess."

"Right. How do you go about inviting someone to a party who has never been before? I mean, how do you break it to them what it's about, and how do you know that they are going to get along with your other guests?"

"That's a difficult one," Silvia replied. "There aren't any hard and fast rules there. Sometimes people already know what kind of parties we have, and sometimes a gentle hint does the trick. As to how people are going to behave, most people pick it up quickly. Really it's not different from anything else. You watch what others are doing, and you ask if you aren't sure.

"Sometimes a man will be making a nuisance of himself, and I make it my job to straighten him out, to keep things pleasant for everyone else. Women who have a hard time saying 'no' just have to learn. If you don't want to fuck someone, you just say so. There are a few hurt feelings in the beginning, but people catch on pretty quick to body language and eye signals and things like that."

"Where do you find thirty-five people for a party?" I asked.

"You'd be surprised how you can just start with your friends," Silvia replied. "Almost everyone we know has either tried a little group sex, or thought about it. Since you don't have to do anything you don't want to at our parties, people come to see what it's all about. We try to make them feel comfortable and they usually get into it."

"How do you get it started?" I asked.

"Well, swimming in the nude on a hot night certainly helps, but we always have a contingency plan in case. I arrange with four or five people that if things are slow, we will get the ball rolling. People then join in pretty quickly."

"How do people relate all this sex to their marriage or emotional lives?" I asked.

"Different people in different ways," she replied. "Several couples come and only have sex with each other, but most are here just to ball, especially the women. I hear Betty jumped you earlier. I think she made it with every man here tonight and made them come. It's that trick of hers of getting her finger up their asses, on their prostates. Pretty hard to resist, isn't it?" Silvia looked at my limp prick.

"Anyway, it's a chance to just have sex, to feel your body and what it can do. We don't get a chance to do that very often, but it's definitely nice just to have sex, not worrying about who it is or how they will feel the next day, or to lie back and have hands massage and caress you and pricks slip in and out of you. Actually, it's two different things. I love these parties for the men I can fuck, and I also love going to bed with Bob and making

continued on page 128

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



**SHE'LL TAKE IT
IN THE ASS**

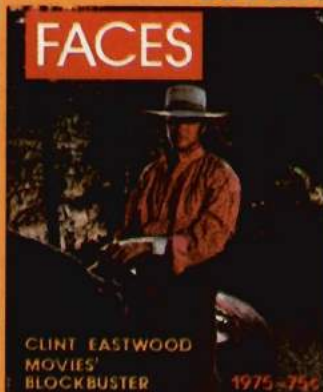
THE ILLUSTRATED GLAND

In his never-ending quest to find just one more canvas on which to inscribe his creative masterpieces, tattoo artist "Spider" Webb has once again proven that the pen is indeed mightier than the sword. His latest work, pictured here,

involves the portrayal of a sinister scorpion—pincers at the ready—preparing to pounce on some unsuspecting pussy. Believe us when we assure you that this is *not* a lick-on transfer, but the real thing.

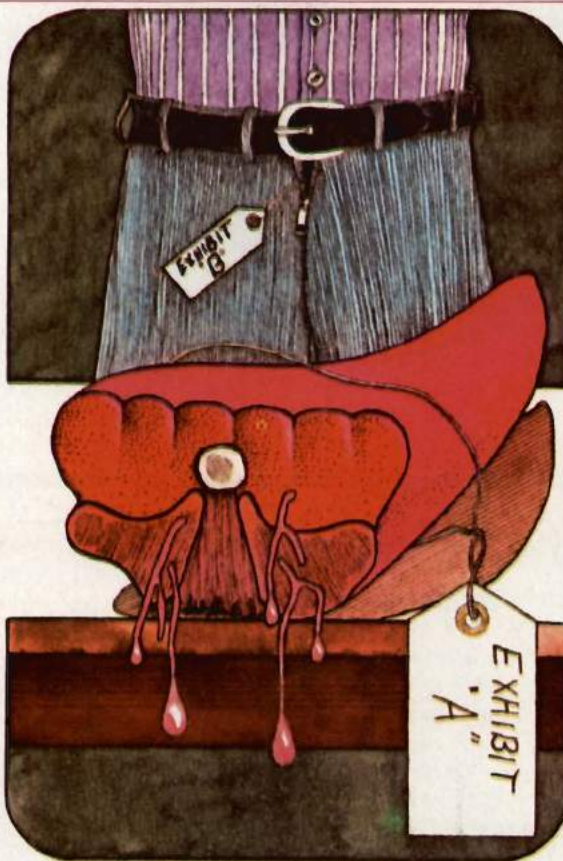


FACES/FECES



Ron Fenton, the man who originally started *Gallery* magazine and then bankrupted

it, is back in the news again, this time with another rip-off. Word has it that any day he will publish a new magazine called *Faces*. From the brochure, *Faces* appears to be a combined rip-off of *Life* and *People*. Nothing new for Fenton. Subscribers should beware of laying out their hard-earned dough immediately, because if Fenton lives up to his previous reputation, *Faces* will be another flash in the pan. Too bad though; sounds like a good idea.



TONGUE-IN-CHICK

What kind of an asshole tries to French-kiss a woman while he's raping her? Ask John Grant, who is currently under medical care at the Mercy Catholic Center in Philadelphia. Seems he got so carried away the other night while trying to rape a young chick that she bit his tongue off. The police found the 2½ inch hunk of manly flesh at the

scene of the crime, and after several unsuccessful attempts to graft it back into place, finally decided to just use it as Exhibit A in their case against Grant. So remember girls, to avoid rape, see your dentist twice a year, and be sure to ask for a prophylaxis.

Vincent J. Reich,
from the *Cincinnati Enquirer*

CLASSIFIED

JEWISH LESBIAN VEGETARIANS FOR JESUS seek others to form group; preferably in Park Slope. Call Elsie or Sybil, [REDACTED]. —Majority Report.

RESEARCH SUBJECTS NEEDED

PREMATURE Ejaculation treatment study, must have partner. Sliding fee. N. P. I. [REDACTED]
—UCLA Daily Bruin.

Lew Arthur

A SURE WINNER



Want to learn how to clean up at blackjack? Need an honest guide to quarter horse racing? How about the latest facts on roulette, poker, keno,

or harness racing? All these risky/risque subjects as well as many more are tallied in the pages of *Gambling Quarterly*.

D. W. Valliere, the publisher of this slick professional journal, feels that gambling, like sex, is a basic human urge, and that it provides a wide range of emotional experiences, from fear and disappointment to hope and elation.

If you agree that gambling is the second most enjoyable form of recreation in the world, then you'll want to wager \$7.00 for six issues of this interesting and entertaining mag. Send to Box 263, La Salle Station, Niagara Falls, N.Y. 14304 and let the chips fall where they may.

TV TURN-ON

Here it is, folks! For all you people who are fed up with those stupidly repetitious *Sure* commercials, for all of you who can't stand even one more stinking *FDS* ad, for all of you who don't give a rat's ass that relief is spelled *Roloids*—here, at last, is your big chance to FUCK T.V. Currently undergo-

ing final testing, this clever "piece" of electronic merchandise can be used to work off all those frustrations incurred from K-Tel's rambling record ads, Cosell's miasmic mouth, and McDonald's marching morons. The instructions are simple: Plug it in and start turning the knobs.

OUT-A-PSYCHE

Remarkable indeed are the artifacts occasionally unearthed by our ever-alert, overpaid investigative reporters. Imagine our amazement when they presented us with the following collection of letters, which they claim were hand-picked from the wastebasket of Al (Screw) Goldstein's psychiatrist. Long-time *HUSTLER* readers will no doubt understand our suspicions that most of these curious queries were authored by Uncle Al himself.

Dear Dr. Beard:

I have this friend who's into masochism. He comes over to my house with leather whips and begs me to whip him. I have been giving in against my better judgment. Now he pesters me all the time and my personal life and pursuits have become impossible. What can I do?

Signed,
Pestered

Dear Pestered:

Let him come over. Let him ask. Let him beg and beg and beg. Then smile and say, "No."

Dear Dr. Beard:

What is a castration complex?

Signed,
Needs To Know

Dear Needs To Know:

That's the fear you knew when, as a little boy, you jumped on your bicycle wrong.

Dear Dr. Beard:

In the evening after supper, my husband locks all the doors to the house, pulls the shades and turns off the TV. He then retires to the bedroom to dress. And doctor, he puts on hose, brassiere, slip, falsies and a red velvet evening dress. He also puts on a wig, applies a full line of make-up and dabs on perfume. He then sits around the living room and smokes effeminately, talks in a

falsetto voice and sips port wine.

Has he got a problem?

Signed,
Wondering

Dear Wondering:

Your husband has solved his problem.

Now you have one. The most important psychological principle in the household is balance. Now that your husband has taken the female role, it is up to you to take the male role. Buy a suit; have your hair clipped; wear shirts and ties; put on jockey shorts; use shaving lotion; buy some cigars; talk in a husky voice and join your husband in the evenings.

And . . . enjoy.

Dear Dr. Beard:

My husband was a professional journalist for years. After his retirement, he began to compose Limericks. The first ones were just cute and clever, but they gradually evolved into really dirty ones.

Just listen to this one. Since it may be

X-Rated Reviews

HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on the quality-for-your-money basis. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore. Moviegoers beware—many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you used a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

MOVIES

by Tim Beckley

S.O.S. (SCREW ON THE SCREEN)



"Dirt!" "Pure Smut!" "The Lowest!"

These are the words which best describe

what S.O.S. (short for *Screw on the Screen*) is all about.

Only the perverted and twisted minds of Jim Buckley and Al Goldstein, the tycoons behind the *Screw* publishing empire, that raunchy and racy weekly newspaper, could have dreamed up such unmitigated filth. I mean, watching Honeysuckle Divine mop the floor with a broom up her "you-know-what" and sending smoke rings into the air by puffing a cigarette with her clawhammer cunt muscles is enough to make the Marquis de Sade retch.

Let's be blunt — Buckley and Goldstein are nobody's fools. They know this film will fill their coffers up and over the brim. It's a natural: the publication promotes the movie, the movie promotes their rag.

Just like the paper version, S.O.S. is a lot of "fun." The subject of sex is treated satirically, tongue-in-cheek (or elsewhere if you so please). Goldstein, the proverbial clown, opens this saga by letting the audience know that we are still in the Dark Ages as far as human relations go. He holds a funky plastic skull in his hands while the camera pans to a caveman, shown beating off while looking at the crudely drawn figure of a girl, legs spread, etched on the wall of

his cavern home. Now that's what I call stretching a point.

Next on the screen is Jim Buckley, the brains of the operation (as opposed to Goldstein, who carries around the brawn — and brawn that has gone bad at that). He rambles on for several minutes about how we have, just in the past few years, become more liberal in our attitudes toward sexuality. A cut from a pre-1950 stag film starring a hook-nosed Weedhead — the Linda Lovelace of her era — is shown. The guys all wear disguises in order not to be recognized.

Appearing in an early fuck-film could, we're informed, get you a \$10,000 fine. Weedhead is hardly worth it, I would say, for if the Wicked Witch of the West ever had a twin sister, this is her! By the way, in case you're interested, back in Weedhead's day, the ladies in porno films didn't swallow the gents' come. They spat it out, back in the general area from which it came. But, despite her rather decrepit physical appearance, the Grand Old Lady of Erotica manages to get three guys off at the same time. Miracle of miracles!

Scratching his lovable beer belly, Goldstein re-emerges on the set, holding up a

copy of his literary baby. Thumbing through the pages of *Screw*, he attempts to explain how his pulp magazine has influenced society: "In 1969, our publication gave birth to the Peter Meter. Before this unique measuring stick was devised, people had no way of determining what films would get them off." Al says his three favorite X-rated films of all time are *The Hottest Show In Town* (that got a 99 percent on Goldstein's peter), *Wet Rainbow* (the only fuck film ever to get a total erection, at least on paper), and *Portraits* (a measly 70 points). Brief segments from each of these epics are screened, including two midgets balling, taken from *Hottest Show*. I guess it's cheaper to show someone else's material than to produce stuff of your own. A big five minutes wasted! Things do get better.

It's cutesy time once more, as a couple from the turn of the century (circa 1903) are introduced. Courtship, it appears, was a pretty formal thing back then. The lovebirds



dynamite couple. Somehow they never seem to explode.

For those of you who've never been to a tattoo parlor, "Spider" Webb, the world's



are seated "side-by-side" (five feet away from each other) on a couch. Grinning like a Cheshire cat, the prim and proper gentleman starts to paw the virtuous heroine. She is aghast! He tries to get his hand under her floor-length dress, to no avail. They fight, pillow stuffing strewn all over. Curtains fall to the floor. Finally the Dandy gets his way, as they hump and grind to period nickelodeon music.

Before you have a chance to mutter, "This is silly," the setting has shifted to the wild '70's. This same twosome meet under more casual circumstances. Boy bumps into girl on street, introduces himself and suggests they get together. The foxy chick agrees, and it's off to her apartment. They decide to go directly to the bedroom — "I don't want to mess up my carpet" — and get with it. No wasted courtship here! "What turns you on?" the stud inquires. "Spanking? Being tied up?" Don't anticipate anything kinky this time, as her big thing is being eaten. Shame, because they make a

most renowned organ tattooist, provides a real treat. Apparently the latest thing in chic erotica, we see a busty female being marked just above her left tit. Whipping down her jeans, she proudly displays a second tattoo, this one near her hairy triangle. In a moment of levity, we see a handsome six-footer having a heart retouched on his scrotum by a girl. He comments on how surprised he is that the needle used to apply the dye doesn't hurt on such a sensitive area as his balls. With this, the girl glances up and shrugs matter-of-factly. "It's all a head trip, anyway!" she declares.

A regular feature of *Screw Magazine* is the exploits of the "world's dirtiest woman," Honeysuckle Divine. A sometime burlesque queen, the long-haired blonde is more famous these days for her ambidextrous pussy. Indeed, she is able to control the muscles of her vagina in such a way as to accomplish all sorts of impossible "tricks." Using a method developed by yogis, she is

able to eject enough air from her belching pussy to extinguish the flame on a lit candle, squirt baby lotion all over the place, pop peanuts twenty feet into the air, and douse talcum powder on anyone not smart enough to keep his distance while she is "performing." She even plays a toy flute in the key of "F" with her jackhammer snatch. During the preview screening we attended, those with weak stomachs were actually gagging and rushing down the aisles toward the back of the theater, their backs toward the screen in disgust. I guess they failed to see the esoteric beauty of it all!

Honeysuckle made a real ash of herself when she caused smoke rings to rise into the air while puffing on a cigarette with her pussy. I've seen this done before, but never in such a tasteless manner. For those gals who would like to be able to play such neat games, the "world's dirtiest woman" offers her own set of pussy exercises. She suggests lying on your back and sneezing. By doing this, she says, you will soon learn how to pucker your pussy. If you have trouble sneezing on your own, she recommends placing red pepper under your nose. Talk about advice for the lovelorn — Ann Landers was never like this!

A parody on late night television concludes *S.O.S.* The "Screw Tonight Show" is patterned after the famous talk show with a similar name. Jody Maxwell, the "singing stick-licker from Missouri," is the key guest panelist. Jim Buckley asks if it isn't true that she possesses an exceptional cunt. Lifting up her dress, Jody exposes her neatly trimmed bush. She tells everyone that her clit stands up just like a miniature dick when she's aroused. They joke about how her clitoris is bigger than Al Goldstein's dick.

The hosts are anxious to learn all they can about cocksucking. Ms. Maxwell explains that each and every dick tastes and looks different. "I've never seen two that are alike," she boldly declares. Would she be willing to demonstrate the unique technique she's developed for giving head? "Of course, why not?" A member of the audience volunteers his services. Requesting a pillow to place under her knees, Jody goes down to examine her subject closely. She asks for a glass of water. "Have you ever tried to suck cock with a dry mouth?" she wants to know. Absolutely not!

Taking the seven-inch penis into her throat and plopping it back out again, she explains the various ways to administer a blow-job. Jody is dead set against jacking a guy off with her hands while her mouth is in motion. "I call that 'cheater's head.' If a fellow wants, he can do that himself — can't you, Honey?" she inquires of the volunteer. After demonstrating how she constantly

flicks her tongue around and around the dick she is eating, the lovely lassie performs the *piece de resistance*: singing while her mouth is full. Bars of "How much Is That Doggy in the Window?" flow from her stuffed orifice. I wonder if ASCAP or BMI are collecting royalties for the song's composers from this presentation?

Check this movie out when it comes to your town — that is, if the founding fathers don't burn the theater down first!

THE \$50,000 CLIMAX SHOW

The TV game show is a true sociological phenomenon of our decade. Legions of dedicated fans crowd in front of the boob-tube daily in order to view the exploits of "Mr. and Ms. Average America," who are put through embarrassing and ridiculous situations in order to win cash prizes.

Now, with the release of the *\$50,000 Climax Show*, even the producers of porno movies have gotten into the act, exploiting the enormously popular fad. It's just too bad that nobody's climax in this movie is worth anywhere near that kind of money!

Marc Stevens and Darby Lloyd Rains star. Darby is literally in-and-out. She appears in the opening minutes of the film and then vanishes until the very end. On the other extreme, Marc Stevens — better known as "Mr. 10½" — steals the show. He monopolizes more than half of the film playing with himself and raving about his recently published autobiography.

The backdrop, as you've probably determined, is that of a TV game show with all the trappings — gongs, bells and buzzers. A quizmaster is shown supervising two female panelists in the art of "Downing on the Diddle." The winning couple is determined by who can make her counterpart male pop his nuts first. The jargon is reminiscent of "Beat the Clock" and "Truth or Consequences." "Pull on that pokie, no cheating now. Watch those hands. She's got . . . oh, we have a winner!" There is a continual stream of hokey dialogue. The audience is left frustrated in their seats by a sexual laugh-in that falls flat on its face.

The show reaches a crescendo when Marc is pitted against a lustful female rival, Emmanuelle, for the grand sweepstakes. The winner is the person who can make four members of the opposite sex reach a climax first. Our boy is out to beat his competition by any means. His snake-like tongue moves over each of his four partners and his middle finger becomes a second prick. Meanwhile, Emmanuelle lines up her boys, sucking and playing with them

until they all reach a climax.

It's a close race, but Marc wins. In what could be a very prophetic announcement, he tells the viewers how he plans to donate his prize money to help construct a retirement home for aging porno stars. May I suggest that, unless his acting improves and he comes down off his ego trip, he may find himself in need of just such a place before too long?

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Jane West and Wendy Willis are being touted as the hottest combo in West Coast porn. And while I'd be the first to admit they are stunning creatures, a look into my crystal balls tells me this film will do absolutely nothing for their aspiring careers.

Jean, a lanky young blonde, relaxes in the bathtub. A steady stream of water pours forth from the spout, aimed directly onto the tender pink lips surrounding her smoldering clitoris. The camera zooms in. We can clearly see the lust building in her eyes. Jean's masturbation is total, all-consuming.

Preparing to leave her apartment, Jean pulls a strap-on dildo out of her bureau drawer, and slips into a snug pair of cut-off blue jeans and a revealing halter top, which shows off her well-endowed chest. She hops onto a bicycle and peddles like mad through the crowded city traffic, obviously in a hurry to get somewhere.

Turning down a seldom-used gravel road near the city dump, Jean comes to a quick stop upon seeing another just-as-attractive girl standing in the middle of the lane. They embrace slowly, showing deep affection for each other. We discover — even though they are still teen-agers — that both girls have learned the ways of lesbian love. So developed is their relationship that Jean and Paula know immediately what they must do in order to satisfy each other. Jean produces a hefty cat-o'-nine-tails and sets out to thrash her companion. As the rope lands time and time again between Paula's parted thighs, she begins to squirm like a cat in heat. The raven-tressed sexpot is hot to trot. She continually takes the tip of the whip in her hand and rubs it masochistically back and forth over her sizzling loins. She is

aroused to the point of abandon. Seeing this, Jean straps the dildo around her waist and mounts Paula. They twist and roll about.


An old model car rattles down the street, swaying from lane to lane. Inside, the bearded driver, Big Al, is all smiles. A busty momma is licking his manly ramrod. They have, just moments before, kidnapped a hitchhiker and plan to take him back to their hippie pad for some down-to-earth fucking and sucking. A second girl is in the back seat placating their "guest," whose hands have been bound to prevent escape.

Bouncing along, they notice two young nymphs prancing in the raw. It is Jean and Paula, who, upon hearing the approach of a strange vehicle, try to hide their shame. They are rustled up like so much cattle and thrown into the car.

At Big Al's place the "fun" begins. Jean is forced to lie on the floor. Rita, one of the hellcats, urinates all over the boobs of their prisoner. She then demands that Jean give her a rim job. "You'd better eat my ass good, Girlie, or I'll shit on your face." Suddenly, Jean starts to gag. Rita has released a turd into her mouth. Even Big Al is revolted.

One of the highlights of *Something For Everybody* is a segment in which Big Al smears butter all over Paula in the kitchen. He whispers into her ear while his hands roam all over her body, lingering in strategic places. He wants to fuck her up the ass. Paula is so worked up by now that she quickly submits. She'd probably fuck a horse if one were available (she may think that Al is a stallion from the size of his dong).

Paula eventually teams up with her kidnappers. Jean, however, is determined to get away. She does not seem to enjoy men and, in particular, is disgusted with having to make love with grimy Big Al. She wishes that she and Paula were together again — by themselves! But Paula couldn't care less — a body has become a body to her.

I was rooting desperately for this picture, cheering Jane West and Wendy Willis on. Perhaps if the production had been more elaborate (the film was extremely grainy and the color poor), and time taken to develop the plot, I might have had a lot more that's positive to say. As it is, however, *Something For Everybody* doesn't deserve an erection. Case in point: all through the movie, a viewer in one of the first few rows of the theater was desperately trying to obtain satisfaction. He kept looking up at the screen and whacking away at his pecker. For 55 minutes his hand kept up a steady motion. As the house lights brightened, the quasi-exhibitionist still hadn't gotten off. If he'd been home reading *HUSTLER* his "problem" would have been solved! 

THE PHILOSOPHER

Nothing that is complete breathes.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

BOOKS

by A. Roused Reader

TEACH ME



by Chris Harrison
Midwood #60567
\$1.95

The title of the book tells it all. It's that ol' sad story about the sixteen-year-old chick whose mother is the local floozy-slut. Poor little Sandy tries to be a good girl, but when one of her Mom's nameless boy friends pops the young girl's darling cherry, she is forever after thinking of only one thing: COCK.

"Rapid-paced," is the phrase that describes this fuck-every-other-page book, and while the characters are so stereotyped that they have no real personality, and are little more than cardboard cut-outs going through the violent motions, author Harrison has a very tactile style that gives one the feeling of every texture and sensation. Take the following, for instance: "... my thighs felt as though they were on fire, with searing needles stuck deep into the skin," or, "a thick river of the man's sperm oozed slowly from the gash, incredibly painful as it ran like salt over an open wound." Pretty gory stuff, no?

Teach Me is an education in pleasure/pain, but in our estimation, Harrison still has a lot to learn.

THE FAN CLUB



by Irving Wallace
Bantam Books \$1.95

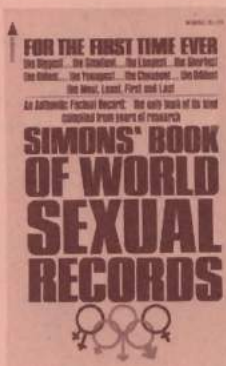
If you are looking for an "acceptable beat-off book"—you know, the kind of naughty novel which you can display on your coffee table one day and play with (maybe?) in the bathroom the next—then perhaps Irving Wallace's pneumatic prosework, *The Fan Club*, will be worth picking

up. God knows, it's easy enough to put down. You note, however, that the ever-thrifty A.R.R. waited until the wordy work (some 620 pages) devalued from the hardback price of \$9.95 to the more comfortable paperback cost of \$1.95.

Long on dialogue and short on dickwork, parts of "The Fan Club" are about as erotic as masturbating with sandpaper. One or two or three snatches, buried deep in the verbal and vaginal vacuumness of the work, could cause a few twitches of the sex nerve, and for that reason, plus the fact that when and if the film comes along you'll be able to compare, the book won't get in the way collecting dust in your abode.

Sharon Fields, a cinematic sex symbol, along the steamy lines of Bardot, Taylor, Welch and Loren, is kidnapped by her "fan club," four guys with great groinal plans for the lady. Realizing that she is the victim of her own pubic publicity, Sharon gets a chance to play with her captors after they play with her. She is brighter than they think, and while bringing them off, eventually eliminates them as well. The collapse of the Four Cockateers does little for the ego of the male reader, but it must have done a lot for Wallace's bankbook, as one suspects he was paid by the page rather than by the punch.

SIMON'S BOOK OF WORLD SEXUAL RECORDS



by G.L. Simons
Pyramid Books \$1.75

This is an almost perfect bathroom book. Keep it by the turd throne and glance at it when involved in the important process of elimination. It's a shame that the publishers didn't have the foresight to perforate the pages, or you would be able to save on toilet paper costs as well. Mr. Simons utilizes a bit of droll English wit in his work, but for the most part this compilation of carnal curiosities reads like a textbook and garners little if any response from the groin.

Aspiring to be the Guinness of genitalia,

THE PHILOSOPHER

Man goes nowhere. Everything comes to men, like the morning.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

Simons advises the reader that of the 1000 items set forth in this volume, three basic types may be identified: matters of fact, well attested; matters of fact, poorly attested; and matters of subjective evaluation. I wish to add the "who cares?" entry to this list.

To get his 1000 sexual sidelights, Simons goes from animals to the Arts and from assholes to aphrodisiacs. One learns that being "hung like a Rorqual whale (10 ft.)" is admirable, but being endowed with a mosquito penis (less than one-hundredth inch) lacks lots of stinging power. The author really splits pubic hairs by milking his topics to the point of exasperation. Masturbation alone fills more than two handfuls of comments. In the area of promiscuity (male), Marc Stevens must move aside for a king of Ulster, named Conchobar, who is reputed to have slept with all the marriageable girls in his kingdom. Stevens must also bow (I would suspect) to the fellow who deflowered seventy-two virgin cows in one night. Need I go on?

SECOND FAMILY

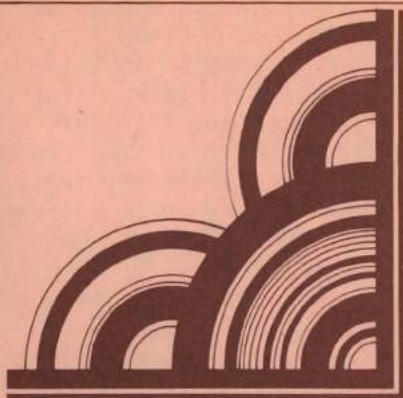


by Suzanne Parrish
Windor Library Press
#134
\$2.25

Mac and Mavis and Pam and Keith and Sue. Consider the pubic possibilities. Rest assured that the authoress of this "family that lays together, stays together" masturb-manuscript has considered all the possibilities, and what's more, presents them with more sensuality and style than one usually finds between the covers of such flesh-press.

Ms. Parrish's pube-antic prose pleases both mind and meat, as she leads her hedonistic herd in-and-out of each other's orifices. A father and his son and daughter team up with a mother and her daughter, and before long, everyone is getting along on a first insertion basis. The stepbrother-and-stepsister act is followed by both daughters tasting what sex is all about, and then the brother and sister get it on. The mother makes eyes, and then makes her stepson, while the father is made by his stepdaughter.

In between all these slightly shocking (to those who pull up their zippers at the thought of incest) sexual sweat-ins, the mother and father have some time for each other, and they put on a few solid shows while all three kids watch. Still, as I have mentioned, there is an element of quality about the proceedings which, rather than detracting from the stroking and fondling, lends a gentle manipulation to the hole (sic) affair. Ms. Parrish could have titled her work, "Guess Who'll Be Coming With Dinner."



SEX BITS



CHICAGO (HNS) — Almost all men agree on the physical attributes that make a woman attractive in general and sexually seductive in particular—with the "traditional triumverate" centering around breasts, buttocks and legs.

But what kind of male physiques do women prefer? That is a question Loyola University psychologist Paul Lavrakas has asked a large number of women—only to find that most of them *disagree* on what kind of masculine body turns them on.

Beginning with these areas of common disagreement, Lavrakas constructed 19 different male figures on graph paper, combining the same head-size with different sized trunks, limbs and other appendages, and asked women to rate each version.

The most popular male physique had thin legs, a medium-thin lower trunk and a medium-wide chest—or the moderately tapered V-look. The most unpopular build was the pear-shape.

Not surprisingly, different types of women prefer different types of male physiques, Lavrakas reports. Traditionally "feminine" and conservative women like the heavier, muscular types, while more liberated women prefer thinner men with linear bodies, he said.

As for an "ideal male body," Lavrakas said this was primarily influenced by the man in the individual woman's life at any particular time.

WASHINGTON, D.C. (HNS) — Sterilization is on the rise in the U.S., and it very well might be the most common form of contraception by the end of the 1980's.

In 1973, 29 percent of the U.S. couples who had reached their desired family size had already undergone a contraceptive sterilization, according to a study conducted by the National Survey of Family Growth. This figure is up from 18 percent in 1970 and 12 percent in 1965, said a spokesman for the NSFG.

Even more revealing, the spokesman

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

added, was that an additional 14 percent of the families contacted in 1973 said they were planning on sterilization in the near future.

Significantly, the sterilizations were almost evenly divided between male vasectomies and various female operations.

MADISON (HNS) — The next time you come across two lowland gorillas engaging in ventral-ventral (face-to-face) copulation, don't automatically assume that they are members of the "Planet of the Apes" television series getting it on during a shooting break.

Researchers at the Wisconsin Regional Primate Research Center in Madison report that real gorillas sometimes use the "missionary position" in their sex relations.

Earlier it was thought that apes used only the dorsal-ventral ("doggy style") approach in copulating, and that the ventral-ventral technique was strictly human.

PEKING (HNS) — Young Chinese men and women who are tempted to masturbate are urged to instead read the works of Marx, Lenin and Mao Tse-tung. This bit of dialectic advice is contained in a series of new sex textbooks that recently appeared in Chinese bookstalls.

The manuals, in booklet form and

explicitly illustrated, deal with contraception, sterilization and the sex problems of teenagers—in a land where premarital sex is officially taboo.

In the manual aimed at teenagers, masturbation is described as resulting in over-stimulation of the brain, dizziness, insomnia, general weakness and "erosion of the revolutionary will." For those who do not find the works of Mao, Marx and Lenin a practical substitute for the joys of hand-made sex, the manual recommends acupuncture and *tai chin chuan* (a dance-like exercise) to combat the "side-effects" of masturbating.

TOKYO (HNS) — More and more junior and senior high school students in Japan are engaging in sexual relations—with each other and with adult outsiders—and are indignantly asking, "Why is it illegal for us to do what adults do?" when confronted with their "immoral behavior."

Most male teenagers in Japan have traditionally engaged in sex as an extracurricular sport, but usually with professionals and semi-pros in the once legal redlight districts and still popular resort spa inns. The national hullabaloo now is caused by the fact that coeds are also getting in on the sex act in great numbers.

The National Police Agency recently reported to the Public Safety Commission that it had already investigated over 1,000 cases, involving coeds from 14 to 18, since early spring. The NPA said that sexual activities by individual female students had been common for some time, but that from around the end of last year the trend has been for the coeds "to engage in sex in groups."

The police report also said that more and more young girls from affluent families were engaging in sexual activities with adults for money, and were using the extra money to buy clothes, and to eat and drink in restaurants and coffee shops.

Police officials added that a common

factor among the girls apprehended for "immoral" sex activities was lack of a sense of guilt.

Among the cases investigated was one senior high school coed who admitted to selling her favors to 50 fellow male students and men, and one 14 year old girl who "nonchalantly" admitted to having lured 10 men off the street to have sex with her.

BOSTON (HNS) — Men who are disappointed with their body-build, the size of their sex organs and their sex life in general may take some comfort in contemplating the fate of the male anglerfish.

Anglerfish live in the dark abyss of the ocean depths, where food is scarce and where nature reveals in a most graphic way that when it comes down to the nitty-gritty, the female of the species is favored.

Female anglerfish are "normal-sized" and have a luminescent "lure" on a flexible stalk protruding from their heads. This lure entices smaller fish within range of the females' wide, ragged jaws.

Male anglerfish are often dwarf-sized, however, and on reaching maturity attach themselves to the side of the first available female by means of pincer teeth, and there degenerate into little more than living testes receptacles, according to the Harvard zoologist T.W. Pietsch.

"The male and female's skins merge, the circulatory systems unite and they become, essentially, one single hermaphroditic organism," says Pietsch—and all this to save food and energy in the crucial struggle for existence.

LOS ANGELES (HNS) — Homosexuals have come out of "the closet" in a big way and there are now over 4,000 known gay bars in the continental U.S., according to a lengthy report by Wayne Sage in the social sciences' *Human Behavior*.

Gay bars, says Sage, are not what they used to be. Bigger, brighter and brazen in a way previously unimaginable, they "seem to be everywhere and in some places are going public."

The two largest and best-known of the "public" gay bars described by Sage are Cabaret and Studio One in Los Angeles. Studio One is housed in a former bomb factory revamped to look like a motion picture sound stage. It includes four bars, a restaurant, movie theater, a basketball court-sized discotheque, a game room (for pool and pinball), a TV lounge and a night club where such top stars as Joan Rivers and Ruth Buzzi perform to standing-room-only audiences. Cabaret is even larger, with five bars, tiered dance floors, balconies, a showroom, underground get-acquainted

SEX BITS

lounges, a two-deck restaurant and a huge discotheque in an adjoining building.

On a typical Saturday night, the Cabaret is packed with up to 1500 customers, including top-name Hollywood stars who come there to see and be seen, and to indicate—at least unofficially—that they approve.

Adds Sage: "For all of their bloated capacities, the superbars are only one of many signs of a booming gay capitalism."

NEW YORK (HNS) — Red Skelton used to get a lot of laughs with a joke about how so many American men begin to look like women and many women begin to look like men as they get older.

The reason for this "sex change" in men and women is linked to the functioning of the pituitary gland, according to both medical and nutrition authorities. The pituitary gland, which weighs only about three-fifths of a gram and is located just back of the nose and under the brain, is the "master gland" that controls the proper functioning of the other glands of the body, including the testes in the male and the ovaries in the female.

In males, an improperly functioning pituitary gland results in the gonads failing to do their job. The production of semen decreases, fatty deposits appear around the chest and abdomen, and the penis shrinks in size. Interest in sex almost entirely disappears.

In women, the ovaries fail to produce the necessary amount of female hormones,

with the result that these women sprout beards, their breasts and clitorises shrink in size and they also tend to develop heavy fatty deposits throughout their bodies.

Primary reason for the failure of the pituitary gland is a diet that is inadequate in proteins, B vitamins, or any of the essential amino acids, says famed nutrition expert Gayelord Hauser.

In other societies where the diet is more natural and well-balanced, women remain slender and feminine all their lives, and men remain masculine and sexually potent regardless of their years.

MADRID (HNS) — Life is hell for most homosexuals in the country that made *machismo* a symbol of Latin culture. Surveys show that four out of five Spaniards believe that homosexual activities should be legally suppressed.

Reporting on a nationwide survey, the weekly *Guardiana* said that 83 percent of the people thought steps should be taken to make homosexuality "disappear," and 80 percent favored legal repression.


Two-thirds of the people interviewed made no distinction between male and female homosexuality, but most of the rest said they thought lesbianism was worse than male homosexuality.

Contrary to most of the rest of the world's standards, the Spaniards, along with the Mexicans and other Latin societies, evidently reserve their strongest criticism for passive homosexuals rather than the active ones.

TOKYO (HNS) — Foreign prostitutes, especially light-skinned blondes, are much in demand in Japan, and the few women who come in from the U.S., Australia and Europe to work this profitable trade simply can't keep up. This has resulted in a rather bizarre but typical Japanese solution to the problem: "imitation blondes," made out of especially qualified Japanese girls.

The girls concerned must be large in size, busty, speak English and be naturally light-skinned. Normally auburn or black hair bleached a light blonde completes the process.

These ersatz foreign girls affect foreign mannerisms, refuse to speak Japanese, and somehow manage to convince their usually tipsy Japanese customers that they are getting the "real thing," for which they pay from \$175 to \$330 and up.

Genuine blondes of the Scandinavian variety are so erotic to Japanese men that those catering to successful business executives often get from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a two-hour visit to a "lov-tel." 

THE PHILOSOPHER

Without this ridiculous vanity that takes the form of self-display, and is part of everything and everyone, we would see nothing, and nothing would exist.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS MY TWO FRONT TITS!"

inga



gift from the sea



"**m**y identity is the sea.

"My man has only to possess the true meaning of its powers to understand how my powers can bring him to oblivion.

"Like the sea, I envelope him with a warm, liquid passion that engulfs his writhing body. I caress, fondle and suck him into a rage of lust only I can satisfy. I retreat to gain force. He beckons for the unknown mystery of my enchantment. I return to my lover, only to enhance his salty desire for my warm body which now flows to him with eagerness beyond his control. I encircle his body with my tongue, whispering my lust for him. I gently suck and tantalize him until he is thrusting to the motion of my rhythm. He throbs and hungers for the depths of my being. I take him into my pulsating body. Like the sea's thunderous undulation striking against the rocks, our bodies are in tune. Suddenly, with great force our bodies clash, sending us into a realm of ecstasy. . . Whirling, whirling waves. . . Then like the flowing of the tide back toward the sea, we succumb to a calmness. . .

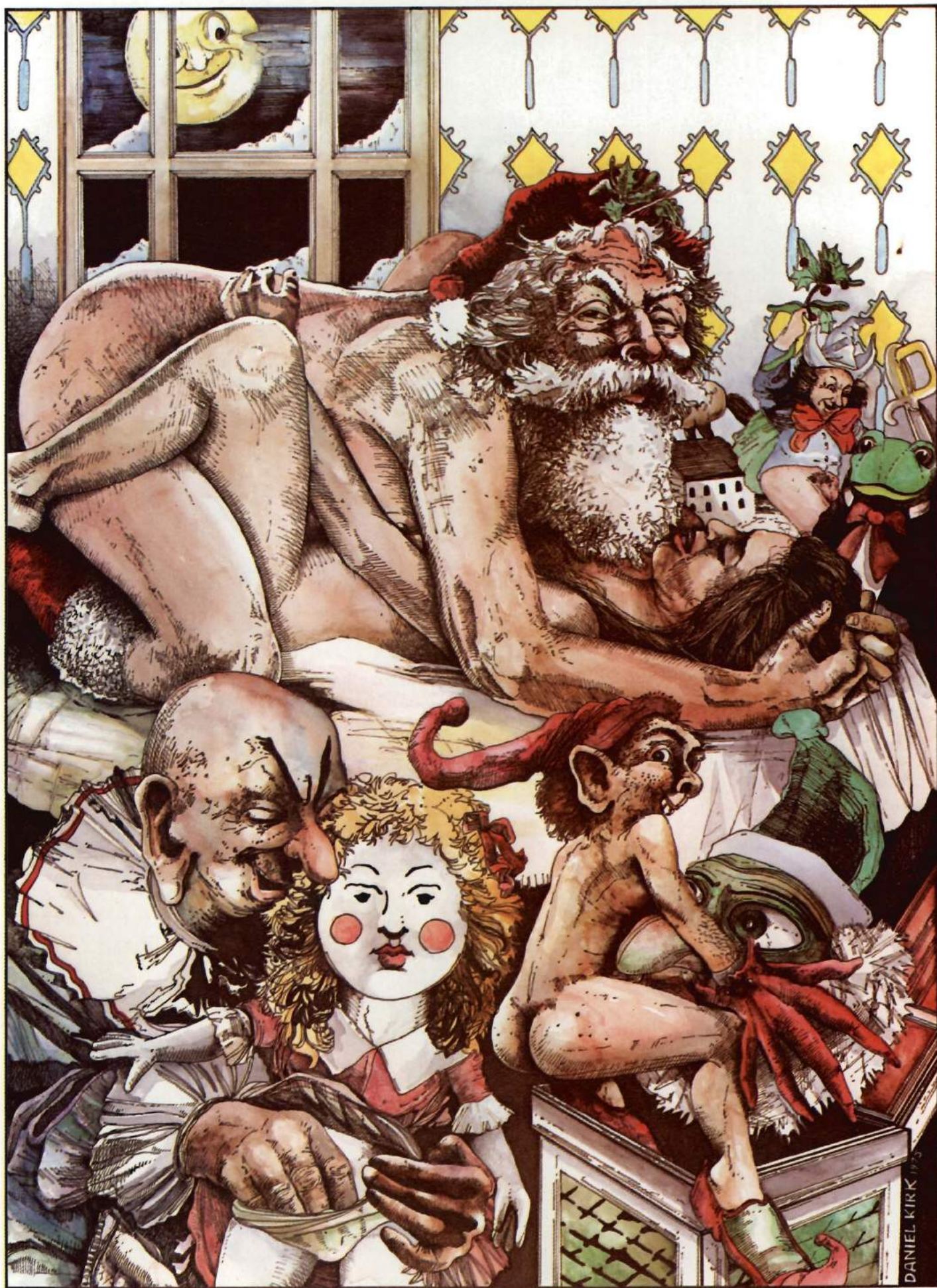
"My man has found me—the sea."











Jingle Balls

Humor by John Hegenberger

A christmas fantasy wherein Mr. & Mrs. Claus discover the true meaning of "Piece on Earth"

“Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Betty Towne here at the North Pole with Jolly Old Saint Nick, as he's preparing for his yearly flight to deliver all those toys to a world full of good little girls and boys. Behind me, Santa and some of his many little elves are busily loading the great sleigh with dolls and toy drums, trains and stuffed animals—all packed carefully into Santa's big bag in preparation for tonight's flight.

“Earlier this evening, everybody—myself included—sat down and enjoyed a traditional Christmas feast of lovely plum pudding prepared by that gourmet of the North Pole, Mrs. Claus. This was followed by . . . Oh, but wait just a moment, ladies and gentlemen . . . I think I can see—Yes! One of Santa's little elves is rushing this way through the ice and snow. It appears that something very important has happened. I'll try and get the mike over to where the spunky little

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fellow is headed. He seems to want to speak to Santa Claus. Yes! He very definitely has an urgent message to convey to the Jolly Old Man. Let's see if we can hear what he has to say . . . "

"Santa, oh Santa, oh Santa Claus!"

"Ho, ho, ho! My goodness gracious me. What seems to be the trouble, Franklin?"

"Oh Santa, come quickly! Mrs. Santa has turned into a raving nymphomaniac, and she's fucking everything in sight!!!"

Through the early evening's snowfall, Santa and Betty Towne hurried back to the toyshop. Even before entering, they could hear the whoops and wails of the elves who are gathered inside.

"Go get him, Mrs. Santa!" a tiny voice cried, with excitement.

"Fuck his head off!" another voice squealed.

"Oh, mercy, mercy me," Santa sighed. "Perhaps, Betty, it would be better all around if you were to wait outside."

"Not on your life, Santa Claus," Betty answered, charging through the door. "I'm a liberated newsperson, and this is a major . . . Oh, my God!"

Santa came stomping in behind the TV newswoman, and together they stood

“Except for a pair of red wool stockings, Mrs. Claus was completely nude.”

frozen in the doorway, transfixed by the sight spread out before them on top of the toyshop workbench. Except for a pair of red wool stockings, Mrs. Claus was completely

nude. The bulbous mass of her body lay flat on its back across the hard oaken table. Her pendulous breasts sagged heavily over the folds of fat that lined her stomach. Her head was thrown back in utter ecstasy, eyes rolled up, and a band of saliva drooled down one cheek. The old woman's hands were stretched out below her waist where they clutched and held to her bristling pussy the head of one of Santa's reindeer.

"Rudolph!" Santa thundered in dismay.

"Lick it, Rudolph," Mrs. Claus moaned. "Lick it and fuck it with your big, red nose."

Santa shook himself and said, "Quickly, Miss Towne, help me get them apart."

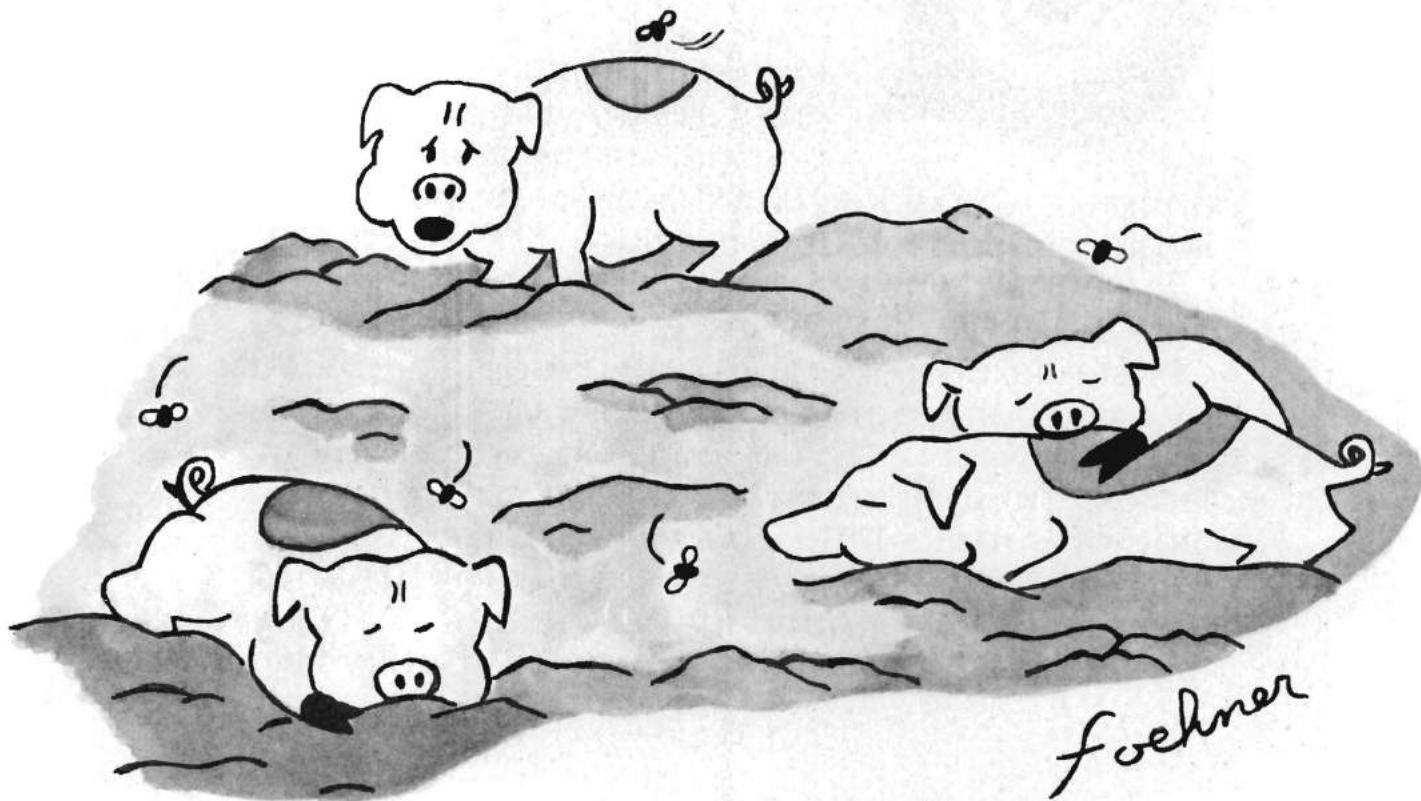
"I can see the headlines, now," Betty laughed, stepping forward. "'Mrs. Santa screwed by Rudolph the Rape-Nosed Reindeer.'"

"No, no," cried Santa. "You mustn't print any of this!"

"Who's talking about printing anything?" Betty replied, tugging at the reindeer's hind legs. "I'm going to make a videotape, and send it to the network office. Where did I leave that camera?"

"Fucka, fucka, fucka," Mrs. Santa Claus cried ecstatically.

"But . . . but . . . " Santa sputtered with



"Alright, who farted?"



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- Sounds of Passion
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- Sunshine
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- So Close
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- Exploring Gently
- Is There More?



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frustration, concern and consternation.

"Butt-fucka, butt-fucka," Mrs. Santa shouted, bouncing up and down.

"I . . . I really hate to do this, Martha," Santa said sternly, "but there's no other way." And with that, the old man belted his wife on the jaw, knocking her out colder than the night wind.

"Oh, that's even better!" Betty cried. "'Santa Claus Cold-Cocks Wife!'"

"Now just one minute there, Miss Towne," Santa rumbled. "Don't you understand that this is an emergency? We *must* find out what happened here!"

But Betty was already out of the room rushing to find her camera. Santa gathered together all of his friendly elves and began to question them.

"Fred, what's been going on here?"

"Search me, Mr. Santa-boss."

"Sidney, what started it all?"

"I don't know, Mr. Santa-boss."

"Doesn't anybody know what made Mrs. Claus act that way?" the old man raged.

A small quiet voice from the back of the room replied, "I do."

"Ho, ho," laughed Santa. "Bless my soul. Who was that?"

"Me, sir," said the voice, and out of the crowd of tiny elves stepped little Boris, the scientific elf. Boris' glasses sat on the tip of his wee little nose. His tiny left hand held a bubbling test tube. "You see, sir, for the past few years I have been working on a new project designed to answer all the requests we get from the adult people of the world. Remember how you said that Christmas is for everyone, and not just the children?"

"Yes, Boris, but what are you saying?"

"Well, sir, I went through the enormous stack of letters we received from those adult people, and in nearly every instance they all wanted the same thing."

"Which was . . . ?"

"If you will excuse the expression, sir," Boris smiled sheepishly, "a piece of—er—ass. Almost every adult person in the whole wide world wants more sex, so I decided to try and find a way for Santa Claus to give it to them for Christmas."

"What!?" Santa screamed.

"You see, sir, I knew that would be your reaction, so I kept my experiments secret until I had succeeded in perfecting the Super-Dynamite-Mistletoe."

By this time Old Santa was speechless.

"Well, sir, to make a long story short, I believe I have perfected it, but when I came into the laboratory this morning, I discovered that the container full of SDM was gone, and it wasn't until a few minutes ago that I learned where it had gone."

"You mean . . . ?" Santa gasped, staring

**"Santa was
pounding
his ol'
north pole
down into
Betty
Towne's
icy
crevice."**

wide-eyed at his wife's naked body, lying at his feet. "You mean . . ."

"Ah, sir," little Boris intoned, "it is far worse than you could even imagine. According to my investigations, Mrs. Claus somehow got my SDM mixed into the plum pudding we all had for supper this evening."

"What!?" everybody exclaimed.

"I'm afraid it's true," Boris explained, wincing. "Mrs. Claus was affected first because she sampled the pudding while cooking it, but as for the rest of us . . . well, it should be taking effect any time now."

At that very instant, the outside door burst open under the hurricane force of the snow-flecked wind that howled and swirled in the night. There in the open doorway, snow piled up to her ankles, stood the TV newswoman, Miss Betty Towne. She was completely naked. The arctic air streamed through her blonde curls, causing them to writhe and snap like tattered silk. The nipples of her full, round breasts were hard and red, as if Jack Frost himself had been nipping at them. The tuft of light hair between her legs seemed to crackle with some internal glacial force.

THE PHILOSOPHER

**He who has seen everything empty
itself is close to knowing what
everything is filled with.**

ANTONIO PORCHIA

"Fucka, fuckal!" she cried, and ran to tear at Old Santa's clothes.

There was absolutely nothing for the old boy to do. After all, he too had eaten of the polluted plum pudding, so right at that moment his mouth was watering for a slice of hair pie. Within minutes, he was stripped to his socks and pounding his ol' north pole down into Betty Towne's icy crevice.

Even the elves, including Boris, were overcome, and they came over and over, each in his own little way. Some started humping Barbie Dolls; some ran around the room flaying each other with branches off of pine wreaths; some wrapped each other tightly in ribbons and bows while singing, "Oh, *Come All Ye Faithful*."

Some of them even crawled over Mrs. Santa's warm body, wriggling deep down into her mounds of soft flesh, and sticking their small, hard candy-cane cocks into every hole they could find.

"Ho, ho, ho!" Santa sang, while churning butter out of the TV newswoman's hole. "Santa Claus is coming in Towne!"

"Fuck me, Santa," Betty cried. "Fuck me, you Jolly Old Saint Prick!"

There had never been a Christmas Eve quite like this before. And then, as the clock struck midnight, and the effects of the SDM began to wear off, Santa was the first to feel the weakening influence. "Bless my soul!" he shouted, hopping out of the saddle, "the night's half over, and I haven't delivered my bag full of toys!"

"You sure delivered a bag full of something else," Betty purred from her place on the floor.

"Gracious me, I must hurry. What will all those kiddies think when they awaken on Christmas morn, and there aren't any toys under the tree?"

"Fuck 'em, Santa," Betty sighed. "And, fuck me, too," she smiled, clutching the old man's legs.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Santa Claus replied, "I've got my duty to perform." And with that, he shook the woman off, pulled up his pants, and went running to his reindeer and sleigh.


"Oh, shit," Betty cursed, while rubbing her pussy. "I'm still horny!"

"Don't worry, my dear," purred Mrs. Claus. "I'll take care of you."

"It's all in the spirit of giving, isn't it?" Betty smiled.

"Of course, my dear," the old woman answered, stroking the insides of Betty's legs. "And when we're finished here, we'll do what I do every year when that old fart goes away."

"What's that?" Betty asked, nibbling on Mrs. Santa's nipples.

"We'll go eat an elf." 



"And next year—if you're still a bad boy—the rest of it comes off!"



game
cavalier

LOOK AT US!
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THAN CURRENT

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD



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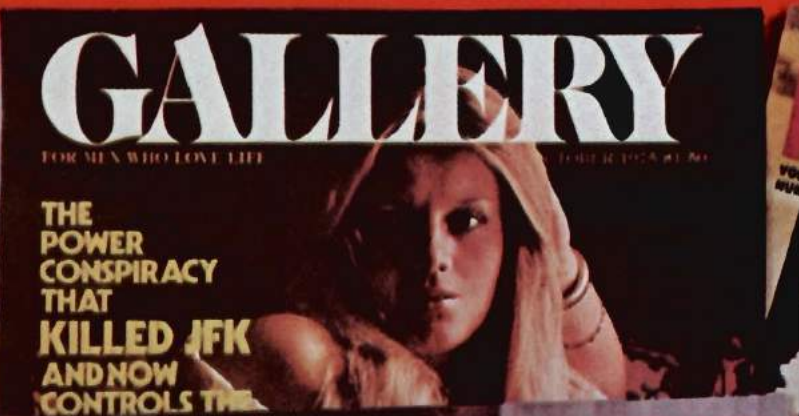


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PLAYBOY

SAPHO
STUNNING
PORTRAITS
OF WOMEN
IN LOVE



ROCKEFELLER TAKES OVER • CHARLES BRONSON TOUGHEN IT OUT
CAMPUS '75: COLLEGE GOES TALK ABOUT WHAT BURNS THEM ON

AN UNBIASED CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO MEN'S MAGAZINES

By **BRUCE DAVID**

The greatest social issue of the 1970's is not recorded in the newspapers. It is recorded here, in magazines like the one you are reading. Sex and only sex is the subject for this decade. All other things pale before the great surge of sexual energy and conflict we are now experiencing. Almost alone, the sex publications act as a forum for today's heated sexual issues. Issues like: What is the nature of the sexual revolution? What is the nature of role reversal? Can the sexes interrelate? Is pubic hair flammable? In short, the sex magazines are now, as they have always been, chroniclers of America's sexual history, its mores, taboos, restraints and excesses.

To consult the sex publications of the past is to discover where America has journeyed from. In the 1920's, for example, there were magazines like *Pep* and *Saucy Stories*. Although tame by today's standards, these thinly disguised erotic masterpieces were often sold under the counter by shame-faced vendors to equally shame-faced male customers. Illustrated with cover paintings of scantily clad young women, *Pep* and *Saucy Stories* featured heavily romanticized fiction with titles like "What A Fool She Had Been," and "The Straight and The Narrow." Invariably the theme of such stories dealt with women led astray who would either triumph or succumb to the evils of temptation, a ploy allowing publishers to hold society's sternly moral censors at bay. As long as sex was not portrayed as fun, things were cool.

The other side of the coin was to deny that sex existed at all. This was the common practice of the nudist magazines which became popular during the '30's by offering page after page of nude photos with all



genitals carefully airbrushed out. The text of such magazines dealt exclusively with health, the beneficial effects of the sun and fresh air on the undraped human form. They were published in theory, at least, solely for the benefit of nudists.

publishing business. Originally slated to be published as *Stag Party* until Hefner made a last minute change, *Playboy* was an instant success, filling a deeply felt, obvious void in the American market place. At last a magazine of some sexual



In practice they provided the best stroke fare available at the time.

Even so, it was probably 1934, with the publication of a magazine called *Esquire* that sex took its first tottering step out of the closet. Over the preceding decade, publishers had firmly established a rule that holds true even today: drawings of a sexual nature are less likely to offend or bring on the wrath of would-be censors than are photos of an equally erotic nature. Nudity in drawing can be defended as art, while photos of a similar nature might be considered smut. *Esquire*, using artists like Petty and Vargas, was the first publication to really capitalize on this point. Semi-nude girls presented in a format where sex was seen as fun, shorn of moral condemnation, enticed readers and insured *Esquire's* success.

Esquire created cheesecake but it remained for Robert Harrison to exploit it. During World War II, Harrison put out a series of publications aimed mainly at lonely servicemen separated from wives and lovers. With titles like *Wink*, *Flirt*, *Whisper* and *Eyeful*, Harrison dished out an endless stream of magazines almost completely devoid of text but filled with black and white photos of young women in bathing suits and undergarments. Featuring handsome full color cover paintings by such artists as Peter Dribben and Earl Moran, these magazines continued to titillate American males until the end of the Korean conflict, when Harrison suspended their publication in order to devote more time to his latest brain storm, a Hollywood gossip sheet called *Confidential*.

The advent of *Playboy* in 1953 might also have helped usher Harrison out of the girlie

sophistication had appeared on the scene advocating sexual gratification for its own sake while presenting photos of nude, though carefully posed, young women. So successful was the format that a rash of imitators were soon vying for space on the stands and one magazine in particular — *Escapade* — looked for a while as if it might give *Playboy* a run for its money. In fact, *Escapade* proved too raunchy for the standards of the day and ceased publishing after sustaining a heavy obscenity bust. By the time the case was decided in favor of *Escapade* and publication was resumed, *Playboy* was the undisputed leader of its field.

Which is pretty much how things stood until about six years ago, when Bob Guccione brought *Penthouse* magazine over from England to chip slowly away at *Playboy's* sales. Encouraged by Guccione's unpredicted success, others soon followed suit, suddenly expanding what had previously been the very limited market of high class girlie magazines. Competition breeds change: responding to *Screw's* permissiveness in 1969, Hefner finally published photos of women with pubic hair. Responding to the challenge of Guccione and others, Hefner went further still, posing women with their legs spread but hiding the erotic details in airbrushing and shadow.

For a while then, it looked like *Penthouse* would take the lead in sexual candor; with a little less shadow and a little less airbrushing, Guccione managed to bring his circulation up to 4 million copies a month. But alas, success breeds conservatism, so it was left to upstart Larry Flynt in *HUSTLER* to make the big pink break. In effect, *HUSTLER* is showing now, what *Screw* was repeatedly busted for in the late 1960's.

The competition has taken its toll on *Playboy* which, according to the latest circulation figures available, lost 800,000 sales in eight issues. So sudden and severe was the drop that Hefner felt compelled to offer a rebate to advertisers who, after all, pay on the basis of circulation figures. All of which proves, I suppose, that sex content is more important than editorial content. And that a new era of permissiveness and hedonism is at hand, as it were.

Certainly we have come a long way, both in terms of erotic publishing and in terms of sexual attitudes. Looking back at past sex books, we have seen that photos which once outraged American citizens are now taken for granted. We can assume, therefore, that photos of today will, in a future society, take on a similarly quaint aspect. What kind of society will that be? Your guess is as good as any, especially if you've been keeping up on the changes taking place today.

The following is an unbiased, uncensored, quite candid review as to how the present day's men's magazines stack up. It might help you in getting your money's worth.

PLAYBOY

(\$1.25,* *Playboy*, *Playboy* Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611) Unquestionably the best of all the girlie magazines, with top quality articles, stories, photos, illustrations, and what have you. But the antiseptic centerfolds and the magazine's touting of unlimited affluence as a virtue are anachronistic to the 1970's. The inability of today's readers to identify with the *Playboy* image probably accounts for the magazine's drop in circulation and



WEAKNESSES: its ties to the past.

(\$1.25, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022) Started by Bob Guccione in England as an outgrowth of his mail order business, *Penthouse* has sophisticated packaging but less impressive writing. Usually the



STRENGTHS: good jerk-off photos, superior packaging, muckraking articles. **WEAKNESSES:** Henry Morgan, and the continuing Wicked Wanda cartoon strip (well illustrated but stupidly written).

RELIST

(\$1.75, Hustler Magazine Inc., 36 W. Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215) HUSTLER started off on the wrong clubfoot, but has recently moved off into more interesting and exciting directions. HUSTLER is undoubtedly the hottest of the slick magazines, with the most candid full-color



WEAKNESSES: lacks sophisticated writing, needs greater editorial control.

oui

(\$1.25, Playboy Publishing Inc., 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611) This slick package, tapping the *Playboy*



millions, features extremely attractive women and very sophisticated writing which is largely undercut by the magazine's frothy content. Perhaps because of the magazine's self-consciously hip editorial stance, serious features seem banned from the pages of *Oui*, leaving a void which cannot be filled by the endless articles on chic sex, European sex, and kinky sex. Originally conceived as a publication to pick up on the youth market alienated by *Playboy*, *Oui* has actually failed to forge a strong enough editorial identification to appeal to any broad grouping of people. With the exception of this magazine's

Openers section, *Oui* is about as interesting to read as a very amusing sheet of three-ply cardboard.

STRENGTHS: top models, photography, design, artwork, and writers.

WEAKNESSES: lack of diversity.

game

(\$1.50, Challenge Publications, Inc., 7950 Deering Avenue, Canoga Park, California 91304) Here we have another one of those



English imports. Although put out by a different publisher, *Game* is almost interchangeable with *Club*. All you get for your money are photos, and while they feature sexy and attractive women, they are not otherwise remarkable.

STRENGTHS: attractive layout.

WEAKNESSES: insipid text.

cavalier

(\$1.50, Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aargon Avenue, Suite 209, Coral Gables, Florida 33134) This up-again down-again publication is down again. Although they have done some interesting things in the



past (mostly in the late '60's when some underground personalities were writing for them), their move to Florida a few years ago seems to have permanently crippled them. Away from the mainstream, these days *Cavalier* has nothing to recommend it.

STRENGTHS: the pages are all numbered in proper sequence.

WEAKNESSES: the most conservative sex photos of all the magazines reviewed here, too many pages in black and white, articles are generally of no interest or on subjects that are terribly *passe* (e.g. "The Art of a Sexy Massage," Aug. '75).

PLAYERS

(\$1.25, Players International Publications, 8060 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046) The first *Playboy*-type magazine for blacks. The emphasis on black culture and black success stories



leaves the white audience out in the cold. Unless, of course, you're into black chicks. STRENGTHS: decent photos and articles. WEAKNESSES: too esoteric.

swank

(\$1.50, Swank Magazine Corp., 50 W. 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019) Here's a publication that has been around for quite a while as a cheap *Playboy* imitator. But more recently *Swank* has attempted to upgrade the quality of its photos, stories, and articles by drawing on a pool of young New York



writers. Under the aegis of Pat Reshen, the only female managing editor of a girlie magazine, *Swank* has placed the emphasis on kinky and horny sexuality but still creates a balance with informative and literate non-sex articles—usually condensations from best-selling books. But now that Bill Ryan, a

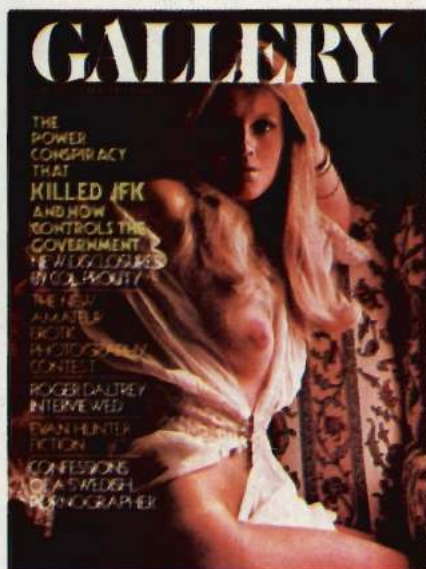
former *Esquire* editor, has taken over control of *Swank*, some changes are likely to be in the offing.

STRENGTHS: layout, artwork, and features, a Reader's Digest of the sex mags.

WEAKNESSES: lacks any real identity.

GALLERY

(\$1.50, Brookbridge Publishing Corp., 116 E. 27th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016) This magazine started life as a total *Playboy* rip-off, duplicating the same departments, features, and even logo typeface of its main competitor. The only noticeable difference between the two magazines came in the editorial philosophy, with *Gallery* publisher



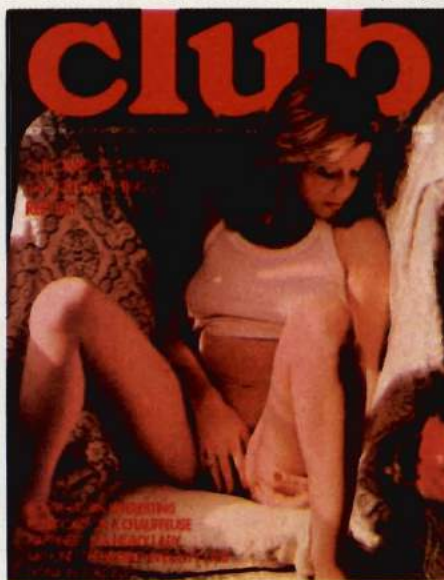
F. Lee Bailey coming across as a right-wing Hugh Hefner. For this and a number of other reasons, *Gallery* was largely discredited and eventually sold to Brookbridge Publishing in N.Y. Under the auspices of managing editor Peter Wolff, the magazine was immediately turned from a pretentious, highbrow failure into an unassuming, lowbrow failure. Although in the beginning of Wolff's editorship, *Gallery* was completely lacking in wit and sophistication, hard work and trial and error finally elevated the writing, making it roughly competitive with the label on a tube of *Preparation H*. However, even as we go to press all that may be changing. *Gallery* has been sold again, this time to Steve Saunders, a late principal of *Genesis*. Since Saunders is expected to bring with him some of the *Genesis* staff, we can assume that *Gallery* will soon be transformed back into a pretentious, highbrow failure.

STRENGTHS: good, solid staples in the binder.

WEAKNESSES: many.

Club

(\$1.50, Fiona Press Inc., 6 Commercial Street, Hicksville, New York 11801) Publisher Paul Raymond follows in Bob Guccione's footsteps by starting *Club* magazine in England (as *Club International*), and then bringing it to the states once a firm base of support had been established. *Club* features more photos than can generally be found in its competitors but less in the way of editorial content. Interviews are often with people



you've never heard of, like Jackie Collins (Joan Collins' sister, if that's any help), and occasionally with famous people of no

particular interest (e.g. Peter Sellers). But Raymond does have one noteworthy gimmick: Fiona Richmond is the daughter of a Baptist minister who writes a monthly column about her sex adventures which, if they can be believed, are considerable. She thinks, apparently, that reporting on her sex life is *tres chic*, but the impression that comes across on the printed page is more that of a mindless, neurotic slut who secretly wants to be pissed on. Everything that Fiona reports on has a tinge of glamor to it, but the column we are all waiting to read is one in which she invites a guy home who ties her to the bed and leaves her there with a vibrator shoved up her ass.

STRENGTHS: good photos.

WEAKNESSES: Fiona text, and the continuing Milly Molly Mantelpiece cartoon strip.


GENESIS

(\$1.50, Genesis Publications, Inc., 120 E. 56th Street, New York, N.Y. 10022) Started by Japanese-born Rocky Aoki, who made his fortune with a string of Benihana of Tokyo restaurants, *Genesis* adopted the



same pretentious attitude as *Playboy* without the redeeming touch of class. From the outset Aoki's embarrassing editorials seemed to say, in effect, if you aren't a rich, successful businessman, you don't count. Potential readers soon dismissed Rocky as well.

STRENGTHS: perhaps the Marilyn Chambers advice column.

WEAKNESSES: exceedingly tame photographs, complete lack of editorial substance, and Rocky Aoki. 

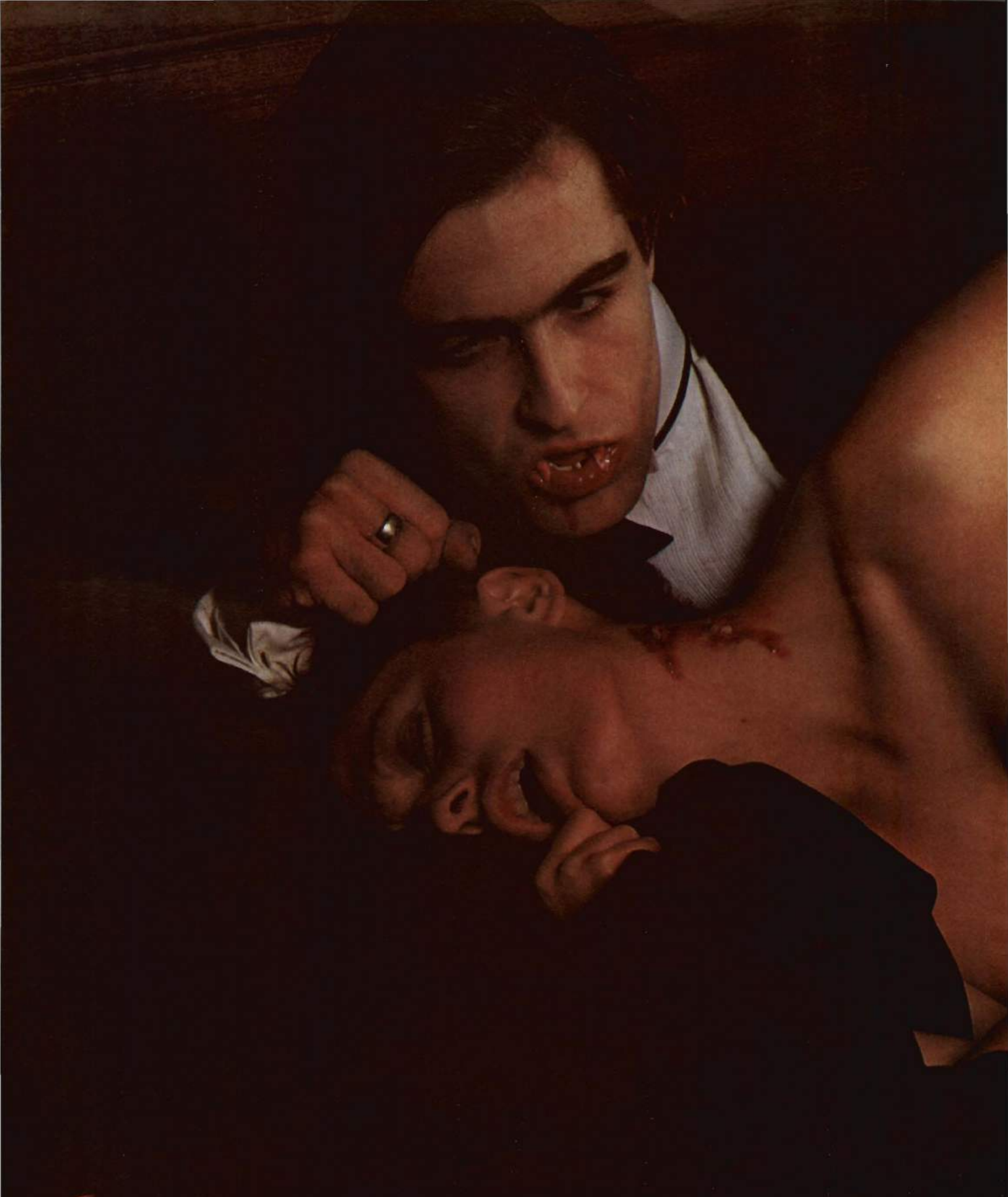


The Lust Of Dracula

A bone-chilling night spreads its black cloak across the Transylvanian frontier. A cold wind howls down out of the Carpathians and wraps itself around the high-spired building where slumbers the burgermeister's daughter. Her childish dreams are suddenly shattered by the awesome presence of that mysterious foreboding figure—Count Dracula.



Actress Sylvie Meyer



W

hen consciousness returns, she will no longer fear the Count. She will look upon him with lustfilled eyes. To her, he will be something more than an ordinary man, for he has ruthlessly taken her body, and he has implanted the seeds of his curse in return.





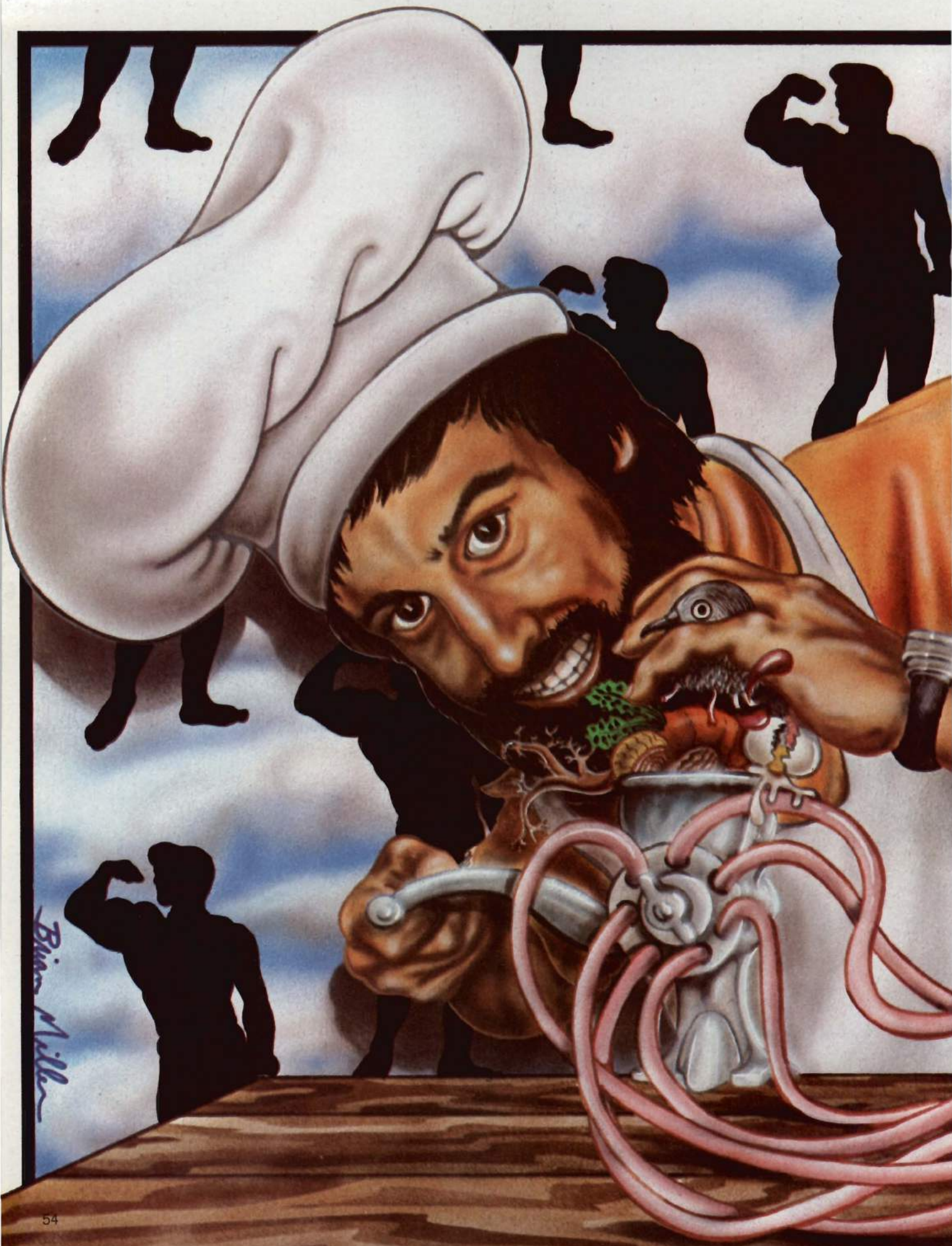
the burgermeister's daughter awakens, her body screaming with desire. But with a cool disregard, the Count dresses, ignoring the needs of her pale, cold form. Her yearning grows—her need erupts. He pauses... looks back... and leaves. She is left alone in the night-dark room, with only the memory of the man who has captured her soul... DRACULA.





The merciless attack of claw-like hands tears deeply into her tender, young flesh. She feels needle-sharp fangs drawing across the skin of her neck, and then they penetrate down into her jugular. The Vampire feasts. Dracula slakes his overpowering thirst with the rich, warm blood of his victim. The girl lies unfolded and unprotected, permitting the Count to gorge his every desire and to infect her with the dread spawn of Vampirism. Slowly, the girl passes into oblivion . . .





Aphrodisiac Recipes For Swingers

By Richard Crownover

Throughout history, men have been driven by a natural compulsion to find and use virility builders and short-duration sexual stimulants. According to legend, even the mighty Hercules was not immune to this passion. As one story goes, the famous god of Greek mythology was once invited to a lavish feast by King Thespius. To show his appreciation, Hercules immediately thereafter had sexual intercourse with all 50 of Thespius' daughters.

Probably no one then would have seriously doubted that Hercules was capable of such a feat, even without the aid of an aphrodisiac. After all, he was not exactly an ordinary man. But he nevertheless is said to have been fortified by a sexual stimulant made from the Satyrion plant.

Theophrastus, a Greek doctor-philosopher who is sometimes called the first botanist, recorded for posterity that he once serviced 70 young ladies in rapid succession, after taking a healthy swig of an extract of the Serapias plant dissolved in goat's milk.

The root of the Mandrake plant, sometimes steeped in wine, is mentioned several times in the Bible as a virility booster, and was known and used outside of the biblical lands to the point that it was synonymous with extraordinary passion.

Another aphrodisiac recommended by ancient wisemen consisted of powdered milk, Kantaka plant, Hedge plant and Lanjalika, all blended together with monkey excrement. Fortunately, this potion was to be

thrown at the person on which

one had designs, rather than consumed or rubbed on the body.

*continued
on page
80*



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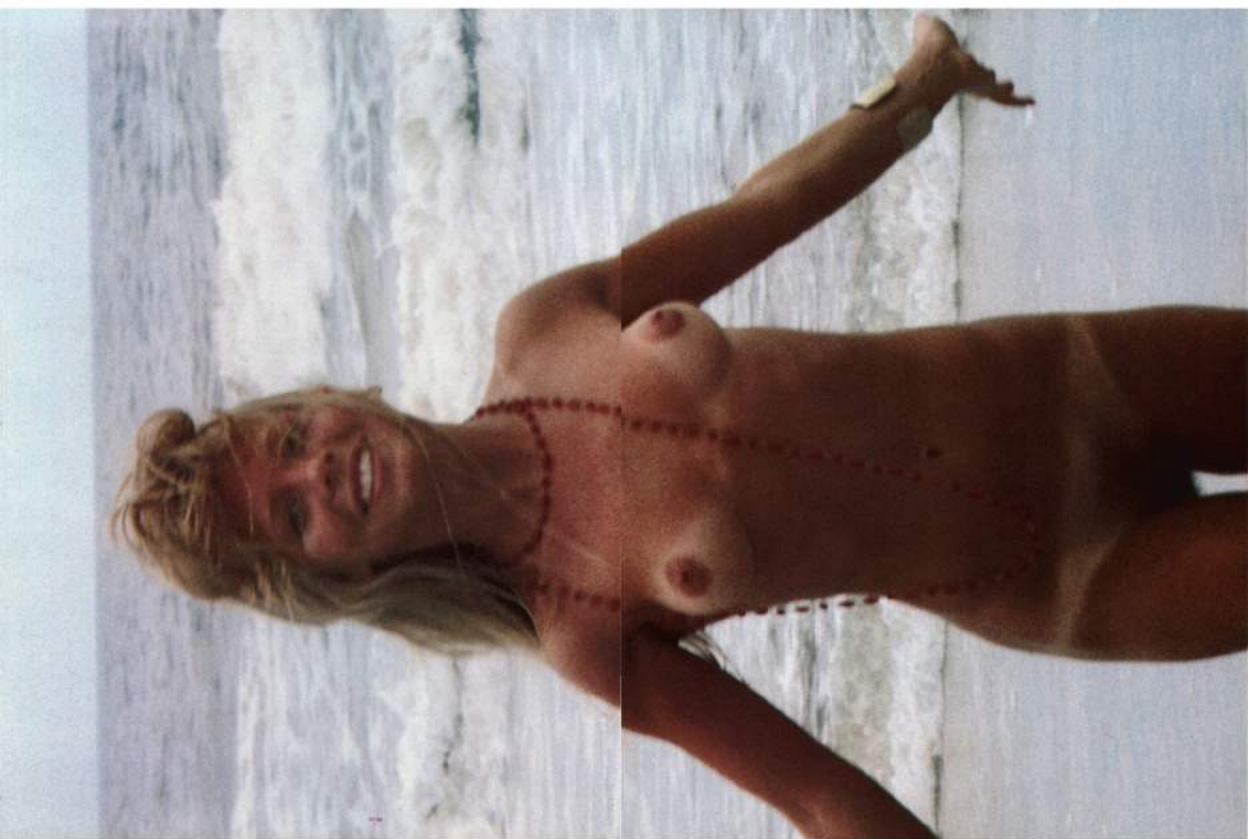
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Coming like a dream from Dayton, Ohio, Donna doesn't often get to be with her first love, the roaring sea. But as she freely scampers about, you're aware that Donna herself is an enchanting displaced sea nymph.



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I love the roar of the ocean as much as I love the sound of warm and softly spoken words in my ear. I can breathe freely and know the scents I smell are as pure as the love I feel. My fantasies? Oh, so many. To be with a man I desire and to make love as we feel the ocean flowing as fluidly as we are. And as the ocean jealously rushes over his skin to wash my kisses away, I silently remember that this is for the moment, but the sea is forever.



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"Honestly, Newton, do you really think this is the time or the place to show the boys how to masturbate?"

HUSTLER defines cheapie hysterectomies as Discount Dis-cunts.

Drunk said to the Taxi driver: "Have you got room for a pizza and a six-pack up front?" Driver said yes. So the drunk leaned over the front seat and puked.

Two old women were standing in line to sign up for their Social Security checks. Remarked one to the other, "Age is hell. My ol' man is so stubborn he won't have it any way but dog fashion."

The other woman countered, "You call that hell? My ol' man can only manage sex coyote style — lie beside the hole and howl!"

One summer day two ladies were out on a drive in the country when one of them noticed two naked men standing in a field masturbating each other. Pointing, she said to her friend, "Look at those two Democrats jacking each other off!"

When her friend asked how she knew they were Democrats, she replied, "Because if they were Republicans they'd be fucking a crowd of poor folks."

Here's one you'll never forget, about a guy we know as Tricky Dick.

He entered this particular bar, looking for a woman to spend some time with.

A woman noticed him staring her way, and asked if he had anything special on his mind that he wanted to say.

Tricky said he wanted to play, and had plenty to pay.

She stunned Tricky by responding, "We'll play, Honey, but we'll play my way. If you can raise my skirt as high as the price of living, lower my pants as low as today's wages, and fuck me as good as the politicians fucked this country, Honey, I'll play for nothing."

Did you hear the one about the guy who ate his baby's toes off? Seems he forgot his wife was pregnant.

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think
that's funny...

After taking off on a flight to New York, the plane's captain got on the intercom to greet his passengers.

"Welcome aboard, ladies and gentlemen. This is your captain speaking. We are now cruising at 650 miles per hour and 15,000 feet altitude etc., etc., etc. I hope you enjoy your flight."

Not knowing his microphone button had stuck, the captain laid down the mike and said to his pilot, "I think I'll go take a good healthy shit and then fuck that new stewardess we have aboard." Naturally everyone on the airplane heard what the captain said, and one of the stewardesses was running up the aisle to inform the captain of what was

going on, when a little old lady grabbed her arm and suggested, "Take your time, Honey, he said he had to take a shit first."

Then there was a hillbilly who went to a whore house for the first time. The lady behind the counter asked, "Do you have experience?"

"No," admitted the bashful boy.

"In this house you have to have experience," she said, so she suggested he go home and fuck some tree holes.

So the next day he came back and claimed to have experience. She sent him upstairs. Suddenly there was a scream. She ran up and saw the hillbilly ramming a broomstick up his mate's cunt. When she asked him what he was doing, he replied, "Hell, ma'am, I'm just making damn sure there ain't no bees in this here hole."

Notice: The jokes in HUSTLER Humor are not necessarily new jokes, but funny jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke which you feel is exceptionally funny, but which nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if we throw up on it, we'll still give you \$25.00 if we decide to publish it. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.

Aphrodisiac

continued from page 55

Of course, it would be going pretty far to ask knowledgeable people in the advanced countries today to put much stock in this latter recipe. But not all aphrodisiacs can be dismissed so easily. Since so many people in such widely separated parts of the world spent so much time striving for the same end (a little humor there!) and came up with the same answers, there would appear to be grounds for assuming that certain of the traditional aphrodisiacs *do* have some measurable effect.

Surprisingly, more aphrodisiacs are regularly consumed today by more people than at any time in the past—although fewer people are aware that many of the dishes they eat daily include ingredients that have been regarded as effective sexual stimulants for centuries. In the case of certain processed food products heavily advertised on television, one is tempted to suspect, however, that the manufacturers actually are aware that they are selling aphrodisiacs in disguise.

The one that comes most readily to mind is the candy bar, Almond Joy. In one commercial, the "actor" is required to behave with orgasmic delight at the taste of the candy . . . in what could be a not-so-subtle means of letting the viewer in on the secret (—it's the almonds!).

Just passing through the TV room the other day, I overheard the announcer sounding off about the special delights awaiting anyone who tries "Chicken Rosemary" (—it's the rosemary!). In fact, a casual reading of the leading recipe books on any of the well-known cuisines of the world reveals that a majority of the dishes, especially the more exotic ones, contain aphrodisiac ingredients.

The efficacy of any aphrodisiac apparently varies with each individual, so I can only speak from my own experience and from what I have personally observed. But anyone who has ever spent time in the Orient or in any of the Latin countries couldn't fail to have noticed that Asians and Latins are extraordinarily sensual in both appearance and manner, and that they tend to be more sexually active than most other people. I believe the reason for this is their diet, and its heavy dependence upon ingredients that are aphrodisiac in effect.

I began collecting and concocting aphrodisiac recipes many years ago, after having developed an interest in the subject while in Japan (the waitresses would giggle and accuse me of being a sex-hound everytime I ordered shark's fin soup). I've

tried most of the contemporary recipes I came across, but the only ones that I have had occasion to utilize over an extended period of time are the Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Indian and Mexican dishes. These have my most ardent recommendation.

The following recipes were selected from my favorites, especially for HUSTLER readers.



LOVE'S LEEK (European)

The leek, as the gourmet will know, is a cousin of the onion, only milder, and is one of the many plants that for centuries have been considered aphrodisiac. Leeks are still widely used today as a rather exotic but still ordinary ingredient in many dishes. Several of my favorite Japanese dishes (Sukiyaki, Mizutaki) call for leeks, but leeks make a very tasty side dish and, for our purposes, can be eaten by themselves.

A note that fans of Welshman Richard Burton may find interesting: the leek is so popular in Wales that it serves as the national emblem.

MIND OVER FLESH (Asian)

Eat slowly while facing the East.

OYSTER POP (Hybrid)

Take several raw oysters, remove the sand, season them liberally with lemon juice that has been impregnated with Cayenne pepper, and pop them in . . . to your mouth. If you are squeamish (in which case you probably won't make a good lover anyway), wrap each oyster in a slice of bacon and broil.

GONAD DU' ASS (Antiquity)

Certainly one of the most conspicuous, if not effective, aphrodisiacs popular a couple of thousand years ago among the cultured and educated as well as the lower, less fortunate classes, was a bracelet . . . made from the right testes of an ass.

For matching nose ring, the left testes was used.

SWEET ALMOND JOY (Arabian)

Almonds have long been famous in the Oriental and Arabian worlds for their aphrodisiac properties. A favorite Arabian recipe consists of 20 almonds and 100 pine tree seeds blended, and washed down with a glass of honey prior to love-making.

CHURCH CHEW (Early American)

Back during the heyday of Puritanism in America's New England states, the chewing of fennel seeds in church was something of a ritual—which is strange because fennel was traditionally used for aphrodisiac purposes in many parts of the world. The Puritans claimed they chewed the sexy seeds to ward off evil spirits. (But they also danced around maypoles!) I haven't tried fennel, but it sounds like it would be worth a shot.

LOVE'S SMELL (Turkish)

The sense of smell and sex are intimately related, in both humans and many lower animals. Female cats and dogs, for example exude a certain odor during the times they are "in heat." This specific scent has an immediate, automatic reaction on male cats and dogs, sexually exciting them to the point that they are irresistibly drawn to the pregnable female.

The sex scent of women is of course not as powerful, but it exists and the basic biological connection between certain scents and sex is the basis for the perfume industry. While many of the perfume manufacturers advertise that their products are powerful enough to make men go wild with desire, the truth is that all the commercially available perfumes have deliberately been made too weak to fulfill this promise.

Our recipe is designed to get results. It consists of frankincense, rose water, camphor and myrrah musk blended, sealed in an airtight jar and then exposed to sunlight for one day if the sun is bright and hot—more if it is weak. The mixture is then applied to the body in the most desirable areas, and also sprayed onto the clothing. Those who go in for real orgies would profit by spraying it around the room.

LOTUS ROOT SANDWICH (Chinese)

Mix one or more portions of ground pork, chopped onions, fresh ginger, soy sauce and cornstarch, then fry until well done. Place the patty between thin slices of lotus root, dip into a batter made of eggs, water, salt and flour, then fry in vegetable oil until golden brown.

BUNNY STUFF (French)

Carrots are mentioned widely as a sex food—for people as well as rabbits—but leave it to the French to put in a few more licks to be sure. A favorite recipe consists of carrots boiled in stock seasoned with butter, onions, garlic, wine and egg yolk.

The onion and garlic are sauteed in butter, then added along with a dry wine to the water drained from parboiled carrots. The carrots are then returned to this potent brew and cooked until they are tender. Beaten egg yolk is stirred into the stock just before serving.



SIKKIM SEX (Sikkim—Not tested)

Drink a glass of water, into which a chameleon, known as *ken fo* in Sikkimese, has defecated. One portion of this drink is said to be so powerful that it gives the male priapism, and turns a woman into a nymphomaniac.

KIMICHI (Korean)

As potent as rocket fuel, *kimichi* is a mainstay of the Korean diet. Not only is it a very effective aphrodisiac, but in the wintertime it makes central heating unnecessary, if eaten several times a day. A canned version is available in the U.S.

To make your own: Take a cabbage, wash it thoroughly in fresh water, sprinkle with unrefined salt, and let soak until soft—usually overnight. Wash again in fresh water to remove the salt, then add liberal quantities of garlic, red pepper, celery, green onions, sliced turnip, ginger, salted fish and oysters. Place the mixture in a large crock and put the crock in a dark—but not cold—room. Let set for several weeks. When done, it is eaten as a side dish—and I guarantee it will turn you on!

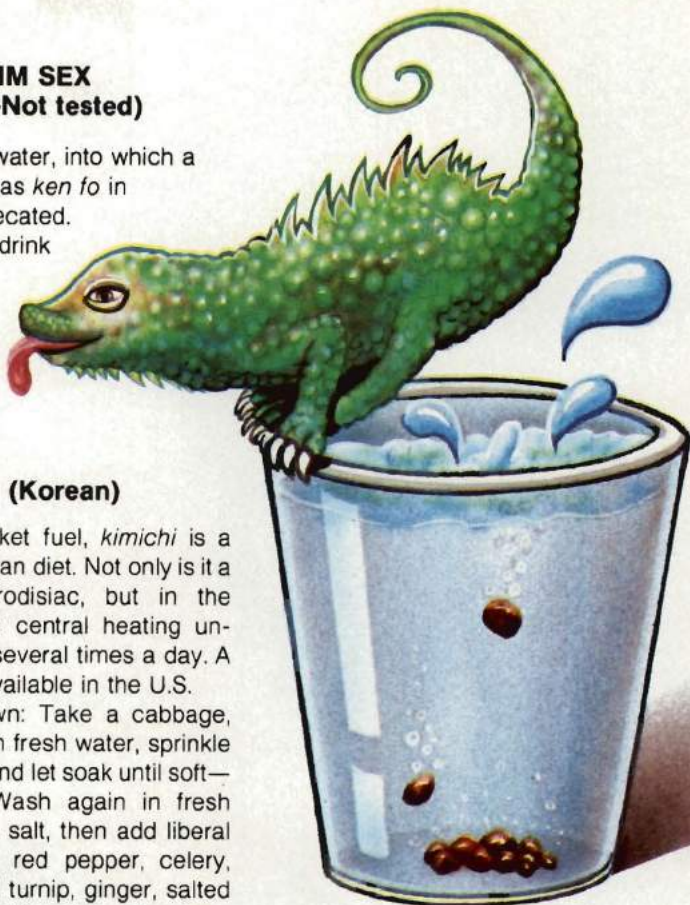
RAM'S PUNCH (Antiquity—Not Tested)

Drink a large glass of milk in which the gonads of a ram (or billy goat) have been boiled, and to which sugar has been added to taste.

SUPER SOUP (Spanish)

The Spaniards didn't invent sex, but they have improved on it until the original is hardly recognizable. The following soup recipe is a favorite of active gay blades and delicate young Latin girls. Chop up 2 onions and brown them in a tablespoon of vegetable oil. Add 4 ounces of diced cooked ham, ¼ cup of chopped celery, 1 bay leaf, ¼ teaspoon of thyme, ½ teaspoon of nutmeg. Heat and let simmer for about five minutes, then pour mixture into three cups of beef stock, add a shot of dry wine and let simmer again for 10 more minutes. Now toss 2 egg yolks into a tureen, mix with vinegar, pour into the soup, stir well, then garnish with bits of toast that have been liberally spread with garlic butter.

This recipe is one of the several reasons why the eyes of Spanish *senors* and *senoritas* sparkle with so much fire.



CRAB PIZZAZ (English)

The English would probably not be included in any listing of the more passionate people, but this is probably because they are usually so pale and because of their habit of keeping a stiff upper lip. The truth is, the English have been swingers ever since their ancestors came down from the trees, as the following recipe for a plate of *hors d'oeuvres* would indicate:

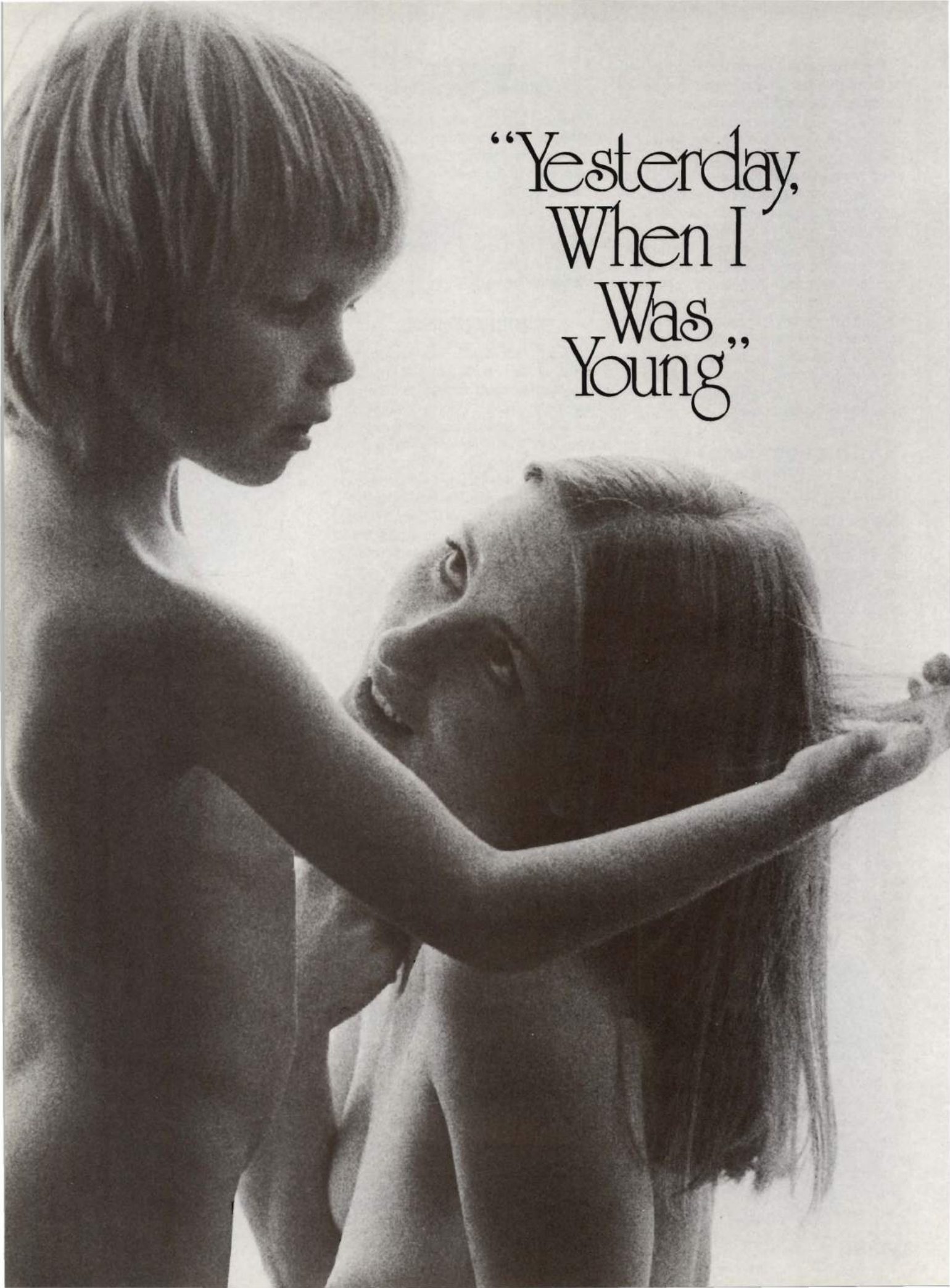
Mix 7 ounces of crab meat with 1 teaspoon of curry powder, ½ cup of white mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon each of pimiento and green pepper, ½ teaspoon of salt, a big dash of red pepper, a generous portion of chopped onions, and then flavor with horseradish. Spread the mixture on toast, sprinkle with cheddar cheese, splatter with butter, brown, and then cut into small pieces for serving.

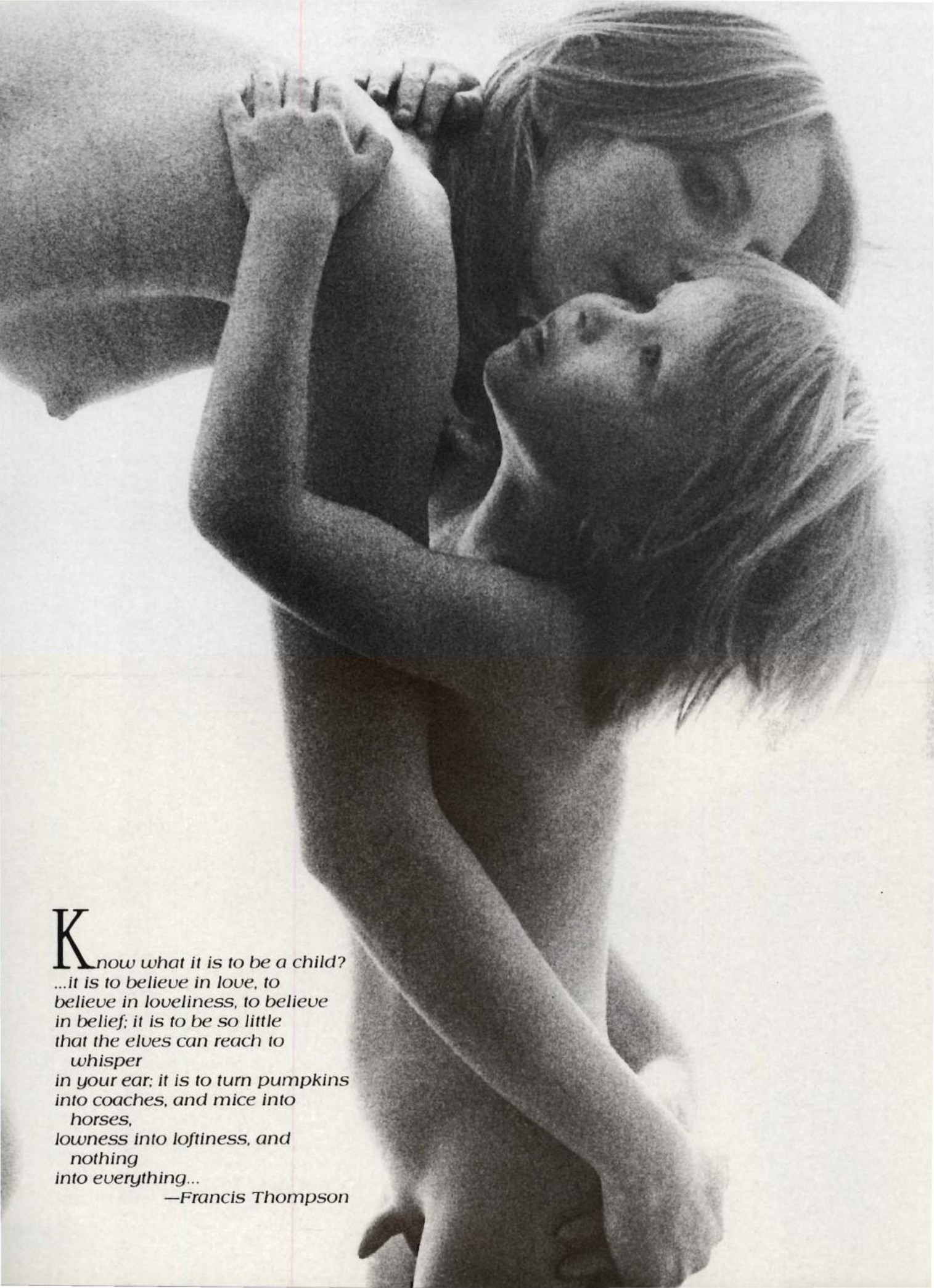
CHICKEN—LIKE A FOX—CURRY (Indian)

Combine ginger, tumeric, cardamon and cinnamon, and rub over pieces of chicken. Heat butter in a skillet, add cloves, then put in the chicken chunks and fry until brown. Add sliced onions and minced garlic and sprinkle with chili powder and salt. Cover and let simmer for one hour, shaking the skillet every few minutes without removing the cover. Add sliced almonds, serve with hot rice—and look out!

continued on page 95

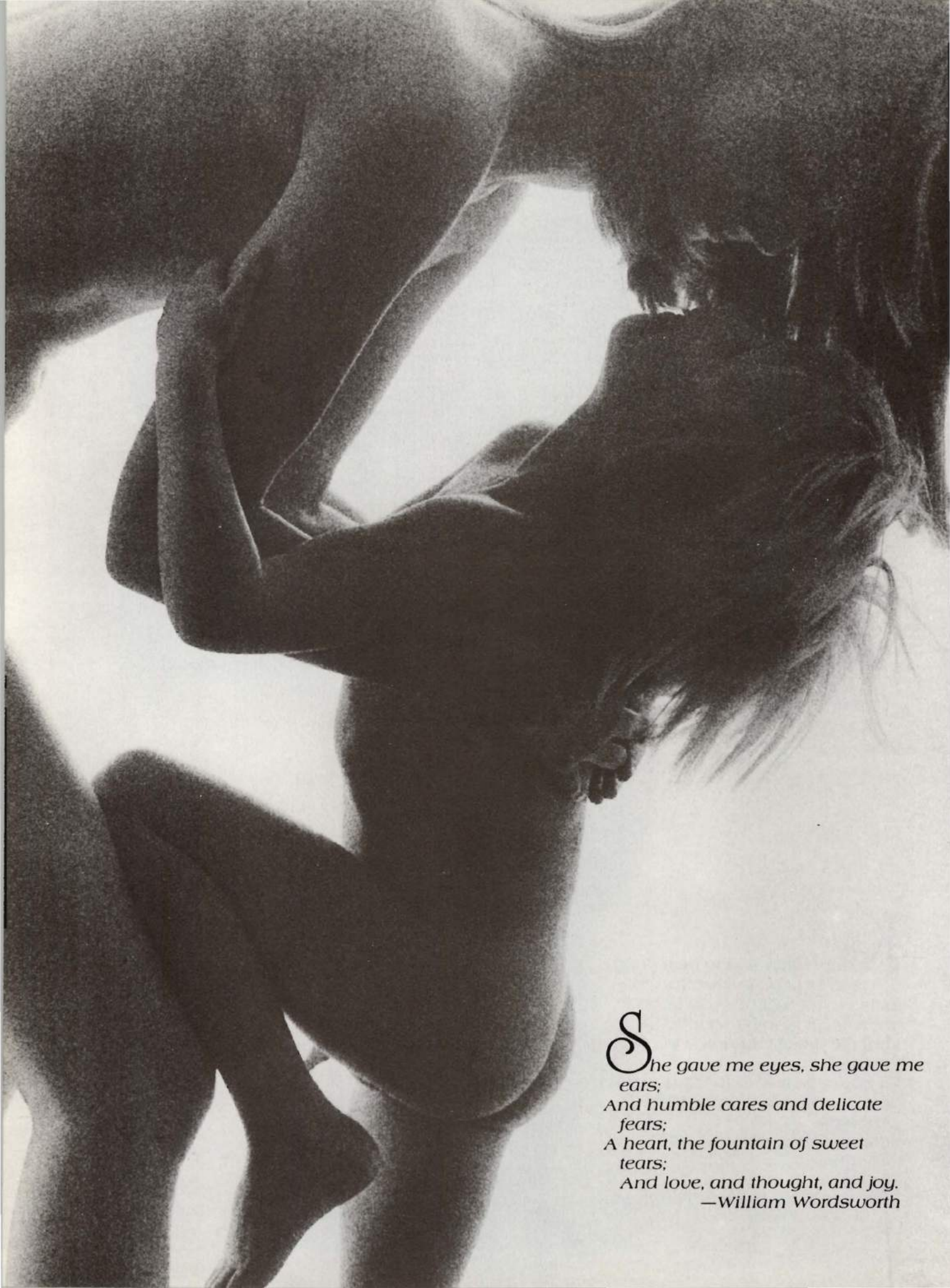
“Yesterday,
When I
Was
Young”





Know what it is to be a child?
...it is to believe in love, to
believe in loveliness, to believe
in belief; it is to be so little
that the elves can reach to
whisper
in your ear; it is to turn pumpkins
into coaches, and mice into
horses,
lowness into loftiness, and
nothing
into everything...

—Francis Thompson



*She gave me eyes, she gave me
ears;
And humble cares and delicate
fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet
tears;
And love, and thought, and joy.
—William Wordsworth*



*In leisure time
we recline and climb
the Mountains of Apollo,*

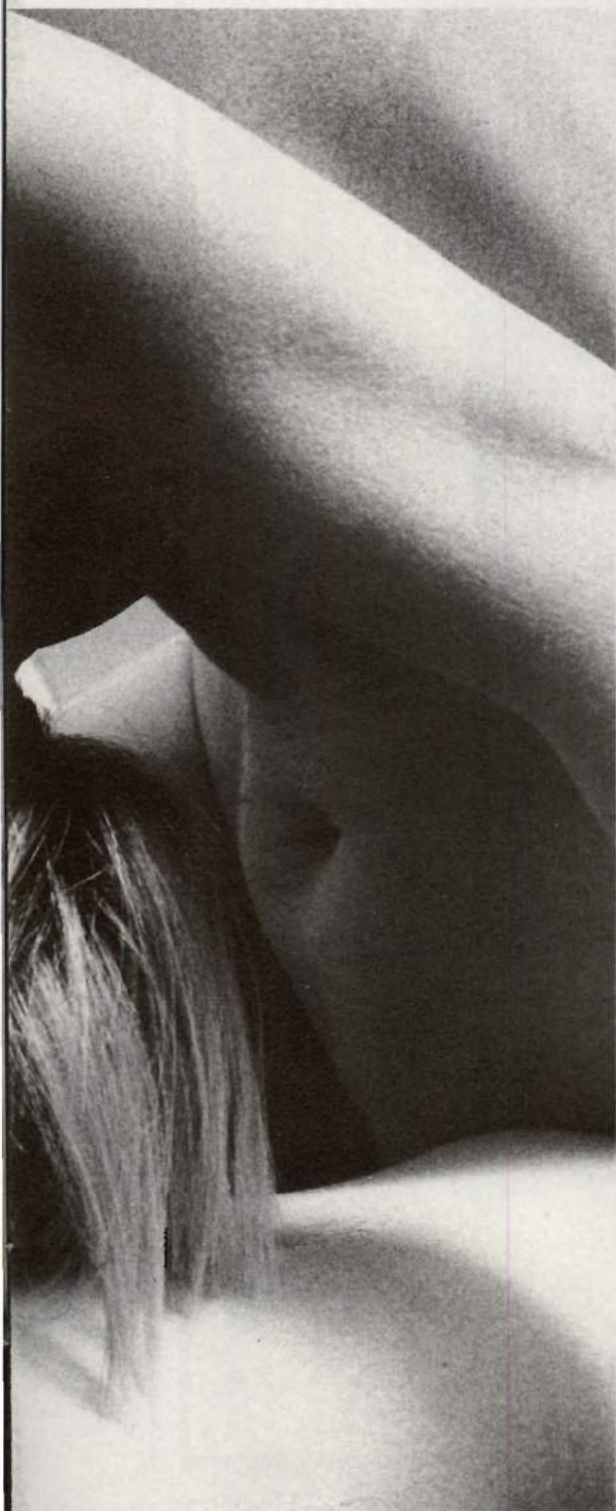
*And ride a horse
(winged, of course)
to where the eagles
may not follow.*



*We sail the winds
on Dragon ships
with Vikings as our crew,
past the coasts of Labrador
before Columbus knew.*

*Malaya and the Yucatan,
jungles hot and green,
Oh, but it would take a lifetime,
or at least an hour's dream,
to tell of all the things we've done
and all the sights we've seen.*

—Anonymous



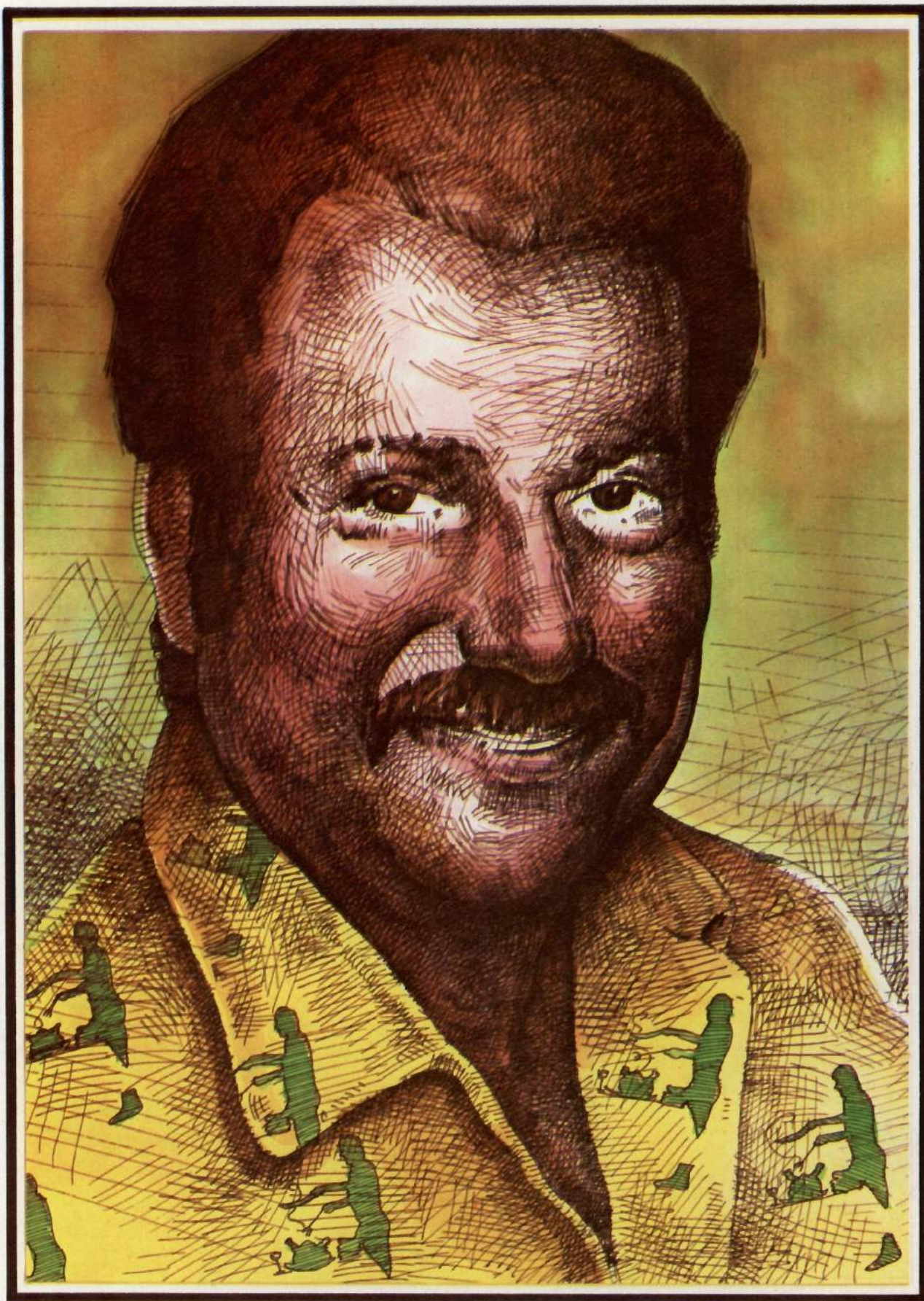


Illustration by "Michel"

HUSTLER PROFILE

JACK CIONE

Jack Cione is close to 50 now, with a wife, two grown children, and a well deserved reputation as the top sex promoter in Hawaii. Well deserved, indeed. Since arriving from the mainland some 26 years ago, Cione has owned and/or operated, at one time or another, such clubs as the Forbidden City, the French Quarter, the Showbar, the Bunny Room, the Apartment, the Clouds, and the now famous Dunes and Merry Monarch. He is credited with introducing Burlesque to the nightclub scene by staging nude girls on ice, followed in rapid succession by such innovations as topless shoeshine girls, bottomless girls, transparent

fashion shows, sex shows, a revue called "Skin," Sandra and Her Donkey (honestly), the nationally publicized Naked Waiters, and finally, the revue, "What Do You Say To A Naked Waiter," from the book he wrote of the same name.

Cione intends to bring his Naked Waiter revue to the mainland shortly, which seems destined to make him a household word along with Hugh Hefner's *Playboy*, Larry Flynt's *HUSTLER*, Al Goldstein's *Screw*, and possibly, in some more conservative circles, Jack the Ripper's *Knife*.

Hawaii is a great place, Cione tells us. "You can get jerked-off by a B-girl in any one of 40 bars on the island, and prostitution is wide open. There are thousands of well-heeled tourists and the hookers come in from Chicago, Detroit, you name it." What better place for a natural promoter like Jack Cione to re-pot?

"There are so many things I've always wanted to do in life. Every man has a 30- to 40-year work span, and I think it would be horrible to have to do the same thing for 30 years, like work in a store or factory. So every 10 or 12 years I 're-pot.' I start over again at something new."

And so far, Cione has re-potted well. He sold the chain of dance studios he owned in Phoenix, Arizona in the late '50's ("I learned the business and the sales technique by working for the Arthur Murray Studios, one of the greatest rip-offs in the world.") and went into semi-retirement, glad to rest. Convincing elephantine women that marriage was possible even for them (if they only learned how not to crush toes at the local ballroom) was becoming a tiresome and painful way

MATTHEW D' OF THE NAKED WAITERS

By IRV KARCHMAR

to make a semi-honest living.

But after lying on the beach in Hawaii for a couple of months, Cione's innate hustle began to get the best of him. "I met this Chinese man, Francis Tom, who owned a dying nightclub, and we became partners. We're still partners. He knows how to count the money and I know how to keep our name in the papers. It's a good deal. And that's how we got our nine nightclubs going. Of course, we've sold them all now, except for the Dunes and the Merry Monarch in Waikiki, where the Naked Waiters are now."

But it hasn't been all fun and games and piles of money.

Topless shoeshine girls, donkey acts and naked waiters may fill the place with customers, but it also brings in men with shiny suits and shinier badges. "Oh, we've been in and out of court with every act. We needed a new gimmick about once a year, so I'd dream one up, the customers would pour in, and about once a year I'd go to court. It began when the pasties fell off, then when we went topless, then bottomless, but the shit really hit the fan when we put men on stage. It seemed like I had everyone settled down and accustomed to topless and bottomless girls, and I hit 'em again with naked men — waiting on tables yet. Jesus! We had actual intercourse right on stage and the Liquor Commission went right along with us."

But that was before the recent Supreme Court decision giving the local community jurisdiction over its own obscenity standards. In a nightclub, the real money is made selling drinks, and your license is controlled by the Liquor Commission. Cione contends that some new laws were hurriedly written specifically for the naked waiters at the Dunes.

"The new law stated that you had to be 18 inches off the floor in order to be totally nude in a nightclub. That screwed up my waiters." Ideas such as putting 18" platforms between the rows of tables, and making the waiters walk on 18" stilts were soon disregarded. Even much of the stage show had to be reworked. But Cione feels that it's all been worthwhile.

"In the beginning I was skeptical. We catered to men and were doing pretty well. Then a couple of secretaries came



Jack prompting members of the Revue cast.



Cione giving a pep talk to his naked waiters.

here with their bosses and they kept on my tail about having naked men. They said they were tired of looking at sagging tits, and that I could fill the place with girls if a few sagging cocks were around." Cione agreed half-jokingly to go along with them, and was flabbergasted that by the time the big day arrived his phone was ringing off the wall. He had gotten 300 reservations, all from women. Luckily, some surfers were renting a beach house from him and were behind on the rent. He called and told them the story: "Guys, you've got to come down and help me out at lunch today. I got all these women coming in and they want to see ding-dongs dangling—and we can square the rent this way." The rest is history. The surfers came and so did the women.

Cione was delighted. He knew a good thing when he saw one, and apparently, so did the girls.

"The secret," he will tell you, "is simple. Women are turned on by male nudity, but only a certain type of male nudity. When we had the 16 waiters on the floor, they were all MEN. Other clubs that have tried this hired faggots, but you can't fool the women. They know the difference. Eight or ten faggots on the floor would be a rip-off. The average woman doesn't want to see a pretty-boy on the floor, they want someone they can fantasize about, someone whom they know also desires *their* bodies."

Desire, of course, is the key. About 90% of the crowds are always female—rich, poor, society girls, sales clerks, secretaries,

all coming in groups of 5 or 10. Safety in numbers. Surprisingly, a great many of them appear well into their 60's and 70's, and many more in their 40's and 50's. But Cione is not surprised. "It's the older women who have held back all these years. How many 19 and 20 year old girls are virgins today? It's the older women who were virgins in their 20's, and now they want to get a little taste of what has passed them by."

Judging by the way they yell and clap for Butch Williams, he may be right. Butch is the enormously hung super star spotlighted in last month's issue of HUSTLER. The elderly women appear to be widowed tourists who most likely had never been with anyone except their husbands until the day he died. "When they see a cock like

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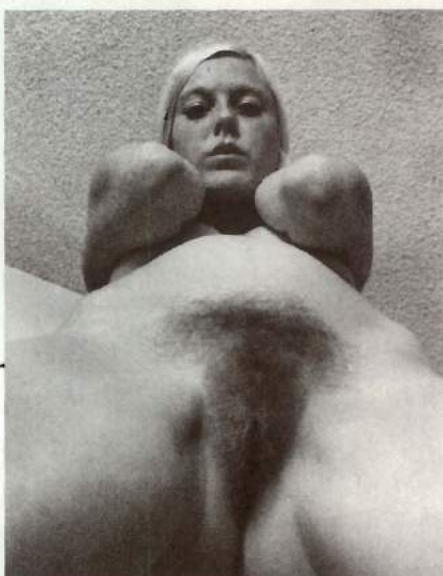
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Butch's," Cione explains, "they are up and after it. Not in the strictly sexual sense either." Cione has studied the problems of the aged, he tells us, "and sex is so youth oriented that many people think it is just for the young. To have sex doesn't mean that the man has to have a good hard cock and the lady has to sit there with her legs spread wide. 70 and 80 year olds can have sex by touching. It's a great response. Everybody loves to be touched."

It is obvious by now that the show is not a rip-off. This is no Sandra and Her Donkey. "Now that was a rip-off, the biggest I ever pulled. We got an old donkey from the other side of the island and we decorated the stage with bales of hay, like a barn. Then this ex-stripper came on stage and took her clothes off to *The Donkey Serenade*. She'd hang her clothes on the donkey's ears and feed him and kiss him and then lay back on a bale of hay and spread her legs wide open. Of course the donkey wouldn't pay any attention to her. But, so many people had heard stories of girls making it with donkeys down in Mexico that we were sold out for a long time."

The trick was in handling the customers when the beast invariably failed to perform. "We taught the doormen what to say. The

customers would complain that the donkey was supposed to fuck Sandra, and the doormen would say, 'You know how animals are. They're temperamental and can't get it up every show.' Some of the customers would even come back for another try. It was wild! But the most exciting thing the donkey ever did was piss on the stage."

Cione has many stories like this, each having to do with a gimmick, something to make the show constantly fresh and lively. Sometimes he would have the men come up with their backs to the audience, and the women would guess which had the largest cock. "You should have heard them. One said Bob had the largest cock because of the size of his toes. Another would say Gene has the biggest because he has big fingers or big hands. It was all very educational."

Much more is in the book Jack Cione has published entitled, *What Do You Say To A Naked Waiter?*, which is actually compiled of stories the waiters tell about their horny female customers. Butch Williams, of course, has the most to tell.

"In the old days," says Cione, "the guys were pretty much on their own, picking up \$100 or \$200 dollars a day in tips from these women. But when the law cracked down on


us, it became a house rule that any gentleman caught eating pussy in one of the booths or in the restrooms would be fired on the spot. This happened all the time. Or else a lot of the married ladies would suck the guys off. They'd go into the washroom, do their number, she would put on fresh lipstick and join her friends at the table. The guy got \$20 and nobody was any the wiser."

If the new law changes some of the rules of behavior, it also made a star out of Butch Williams. There is still a standing offer of \$1000 to any man who can show a larger cock than Butch's 12 inches. So far, Cione has never had to pay. Butch also receives mail from all over the world. Women who have seen him order books, pictures, anything to remember him by. And he is the star of the show.

"The show is a revue. When the law clamped down, I didn't want to lose the concept of the Naked Waiter, so I wrote the show and found waiters that could sing and dance. Butch is the star of course, being the original naked waiter." Cione is proud of his show, and with some reason. It is dirty, funny, and completely entertaining. "We started by gathering all the material we could about cocks, cunts, peckers, balls, pussy, and whatever. It is a cock show, designed for the female. It's not for men or faggots. It's strictly for the girls."

Jack plans to bring his show to Los Angeles in the near future, hoping he doesn't encounter another Jerry Madden, head of the League of Decency on the islands. "She's in her 70's and she's never been married. Honestly. She's never even been fucked. We were on a radio talk show together debating the naked waiter thing and the narrator asked her, 'Are you a virgin?' and she said 'Yes!' Fortunately, people don't pay much attention to her because she sticks her nose into everything. She says I'm corrupting the morals of the young in the community. I guess she considers virginity a part of morality."

Cione also intends to publicize his book (already in its second printing) and some of his other ideas on sex in America. "Everybody can fuck, right? Just like everybody can play baseball or bowl. But certain people are great baseball players and some are great fuckers. So this country could use a sex clinic set-up to teach people how to be great lovers. It's the perfect sex education. I see a sex clinic contributing the same way as a dance studio or a golf clinic, or a tennis pro. Why shouldn't there be a sex pro?"

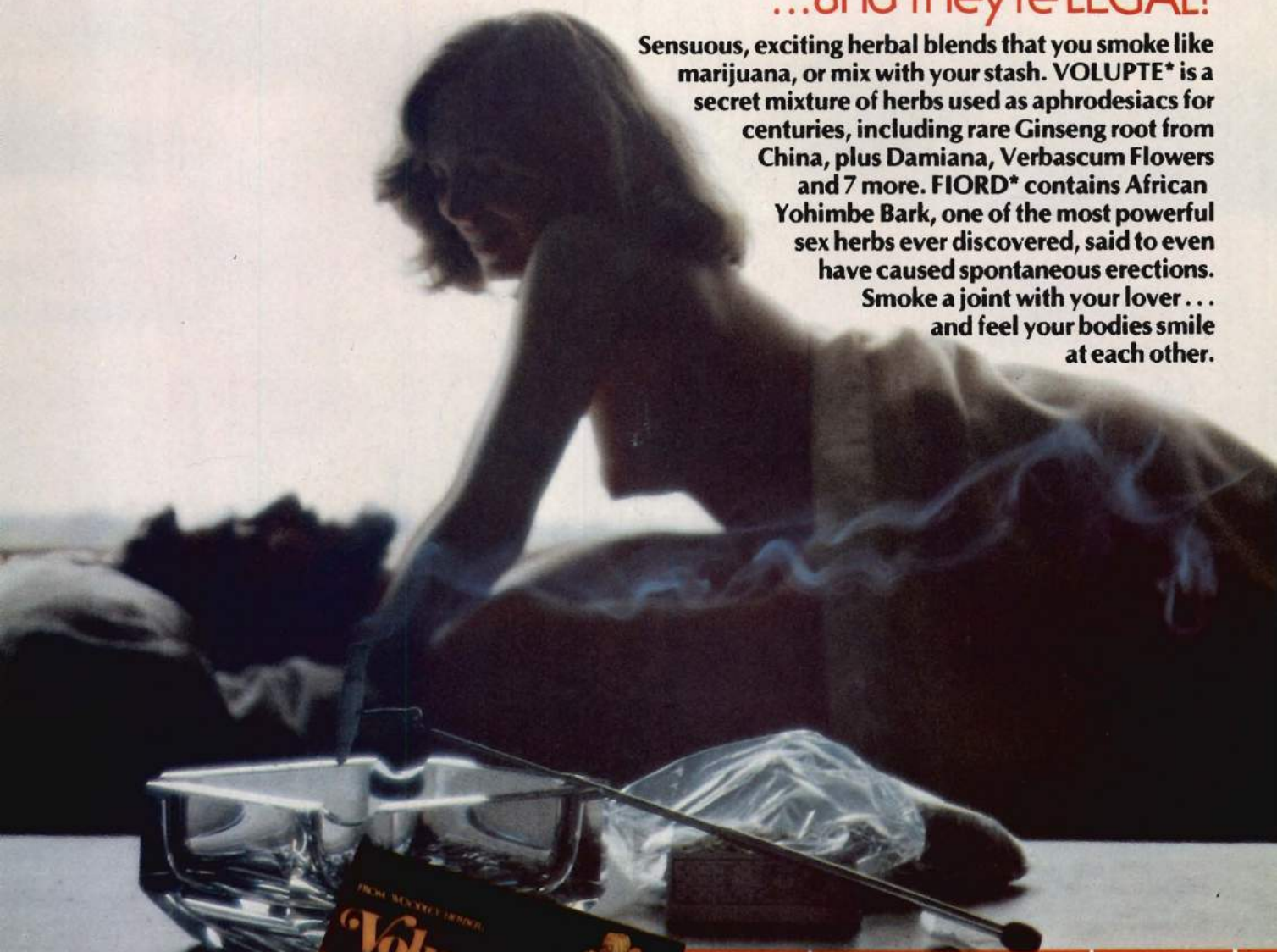
No reason we can think of. Good luck on the mainland, Jack! 

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"That's right, Nick... a DOLL! One of those inflatable kind you can blow up as big as the baby-sitter... the kind with tits and everything... the kind you can stick your wee-wee into!"

MERRY MAKER (England)

Here come the English again, with a sure-fire *hors d'oeuvre* recipe for making merry. Blend the desired amount of Roquefort or Stilton cheese with a one-half portion of butter. Add a generous portion of Worcestershire sauce, gobs of paprika and enough sherry to make it spread. This is one of the recipes that made *Forever Amber*.

LENTIL SOUP (Indian)

For those not up on their botony, lentils are a species of pea that have been highly regarded as aphrodisiac in different parts of the world for centuries. To make this dish, cook the desired portion of lentils in water for one hour, then add chopped up onions and garlic that have been sauteed in butter and doused with chili and curry powder. Season to taste with lemon juice and salt, and let simmer for an additional 10 minutes.

SHRIMP'S SOUP (Italian)

This is a sample of the type of food that makes Italians sexy. To serve two big eaters, saute ½ chopped carrot, ½ chopped onion, a teaspoon of parsley, plus a portion of salt, bay leaf and thyme in butter; add ½ cup of water and 1 lb. of cleaned shrimp and cook for 10 minutes. Add ½ cup of dry red wine, cover and let simmer for another 15 minutes.

Put ½ cup of cooked rice, mixed with a little of the shrimp soup, through a blender; then combine the rice and shrimp mixture, add 2 cups of stock or water, as much Cayenne pepper and butter as wanted, heat and serve with caution.

ANISE SALVE (Antiquity—Not Tested)

Powder a substantial amount of anise seed and mix with honey until it reaches the consistency of salve. Apply externally. (The ancient literature doesn't say where, so you'll have to experiment.)

HONEY DO (From an Old Indian Treatise)

Mix a portion of black pepper, long pepper and white thorn apple powder with honey. The result is said to be very efficacious in "subjugating" women. But the treatise doesn't say whether the man is supposed to eat it, rub it on himself, get the girl to eat it, or sprinkle it on her tail!

LOT OF CROC (Northern Africa)

Drink a hefty jigger of wine into which has been mixed powdered kidneys of crocodile.



“Few people know that many of the dishes they eat daily include ingredients that have been regarded as effective sexual stimulants for centuries.”

PIGEON POWER (Arabian—Not Tested)

Mix honey and pigeon's blood and drink quickly, without thinking about it.

MEXICAN HAIR-RAISER (Mexican)

As most border-crossers are aware, Mexico is known for both hot food and hot women—but not everybody has put two and two together. One of our favorite Mexican recipes is for *mole* sauce. (*Mole* is "moh-lay," — not a furry little hole digger.)

For a serving of one, take ½ cup of almonds, 1 tablespoon of peanut butter, 2 teaspoons of caraway seeds, ½ teaspoon of cloves, ½ stick of cinnamon, 2 slices of toast, 3 corn tostadas, 1 oz. of bitter chocolate, 1 medium-sized onion, ½ cup of strained tomatoes, 1 mashed garlic clove, and 2 cups of red chili sauce.


Blend well before adding the last three ingredients, then let simmer for about 30 minutes or until thick. Ordinarily, the resulting sauce is poured over meat or fowl, especially turkey, but those who are in a hurry can try taking it straight.

PEPPERED PRAWNS (Japanese)

Remove the entrails of the desired number of prawns, split the belly side with skewers to prevent them from shrinking, soak in hot water, then remove heads and shells. Boil down a mixture of *shoyu* sauce and sweet rice wine (*mirin*) until it is thick. Broil the prawns over a charcoal fire, then sprinkle with pepper. Remove the skewers, cut off what's left of the head and a little of the tail; and enjoy.

MATA HAIRY (Indian, Of Course!)

Most aphrodisiac recipes are concocted with men in mind, because women are physiologically constituted in such a way that they can engage in sex at anytime, whether they feel like it or not and without any type of stimulation or physical change. But I have one special recipe that is ideally suited for women who like to lure their partners without moving as much as a little finger.

The initial requirement is that the woman have long or fairly long hair (which in itself is very sexy). The next step is for her to wash her hair a few hours before she intends to go into action. Then she dries her hair in the smoke of jasmine incense sticks! The aroma penetrating her hair in this manner will remain for days, enveloping her in an aromatic glow that will draw men to her as light attracts moths! 



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April 21-May 20
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May 21-June 20
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INGENIOUS

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ADVICE & CONSENT

continued from page 10

incredibly beautiful after two weeks of rain here in the city. The water was warm, I was naked in the sunshine and I felt great.

Some people appeared a few hundred feet away along the water, so I remained sitting on the silty bottom of the inlet. While I was waiting for them to go away, the water became alive with minnows, millions of them. They were kissing my body with the lightest taps of their suction-type mouths. I was nearly freaking out with the sensation. They bombarded every part of me, leaving no part untouched. I was turned on to the max, until I started twitching, which scared them off.

I don't know what the other bathers thought was going on, but I must have appeared to be in ecstasy. I laid on my stomach in about one foot of water and stuck my flagpole right into the soft warm silt. It had a thickness like heavy chocolate pudding, and a kind of suction held me there, lightly anchored. I lifted my feet out of the water and drove deeper. It was insane. I pulled out and it sucked back, shoved back in and sighed with the feeling. I was mud-fucking! The women's libbers are right, men will fuck anything, including mud! I felt wild and crazy, and I came, of course. As good an orgasm as I've ever had. Try it, you'll like it!

Peter Clark
Manhattan

Are you any relation to Elmer Fudd-mucker?

My wife's sister gave her a vibrator to masturbate with. It was okay by me at the time, but now it seems to be taking over. She uses it after we fuck if she doesn't come, she uses it in the evening while we're watching television, and I have a suspicion that she is using it during the day while I'm at work. Am I in danger of being replaced by this machine?

Joe O'Dwyer
Queens, N.Y.

No, you are not in danger of being replaced, but some careful tactics are called for here, specifically—if you can't lick 'em, join 'em.

While a vibrator can do some things you can't do, likewise you can do a lot a vibrator can't do. We suggest that you team up. Have your wife use the vibrator on her clitoris while you are fucking her. Move in and out slowly and keep the slow rhythm, but increase the forcefulness when she starts to come. She will have an orgasm which she could never duplicate on her own. Try your own variations and let us know how things go, or come as the case may be.

I guess my problem is not uncommon among males, for I happen to be one of those unfortunate whome the good Lord passed over when he was handing out big cocks. My peter is only five inches long when it is erect. A friend of mine tells me that science has discovered a way of injecting latex or silicone or something into a

guy's dong, the way they put it in women's breasts. Is this true? And, if so, where can I find out more about it?

Mick Dobbs
Memphis, Tenn.

Many methods have been imagined for increasing the length of a man's cock, but all any of them ever really succeed in doing is bodily harm. In other words, if all you care about is how long your dong looks, and not how well it performs, then you are destined for disappointment. Nothing—repeat: nothing—can make your tool any longer than it already is, without the risk of permanent damage! As far as implanting silicone in your phallus goes, it will seriously compromise the blood supply, and could ultimately result in gangrene! However, research is still going on concerning this subject, and as soon as successful results are achieved, HUSTLER will let you know.

Last week was the sophomore dance at our high school. I have been going steady with my girl friend, Betty, for a year, and we of course went to the dance together. It is sort of the event of the year for our class and as we had been going pretty far in making out, I thought that night we might go all the way.

From the way Betty was dancing with me, giving me the eye, and slipping her hand between my legs at the dance, I figured she had the same thing in mind and that I had it made. Little did I suspect.

After the dance, as we were walking home, Betty took me out of the way. I asked her where we were going and she just kept saying: "You'll see." She took me to the church! You won't believe this, but a group of kids had gotten in the side entrance, and when we got there, half a dozen kids from the dance were fucking in the pews! I didn't know what to say, so I didn't say anything. Betty said that since it was our first time we would have to do it on the altar. All the kids do it on the altar the first time. I still don't believe it happened. Apparently these people get into the church and fuck regularly. They leave everything neat when they go, so that they aren't found out. Is this sort of thing common?

Jim Hart
South Bend, Indiana

We don't know how common this new teenage craze you describe is, but we will certainly look for it. While we can't condone breaking and entering, we suppose each must worship in his or her own way.

I had never thought much about my sexual stamina. I can get it on once a night if I really want to, and I usually last for twenty minutes or so, until the woman comes. However, the woman I'm seeing now says that her former lover would fuck like crazy. He could come two or three times in a night if she wanted him to, and would bang away like a pile-driver for an hour when they were really turned on. Where do you get that kind of energy?

John C. Smith
Seattle, Washington

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Don't we all wish we knew? Some people just have more energy than others. Natural differences in the genes and all that. One woman we know tells us that her lover is a heavy mover. He carries pianos up and down stairs all day. She says we wouldn't believe the job he does pounding into her when she really wants him to. He can keep it up for hours. Another acquaintance of ours lives in New York City, where he doesn't get much exercise. As he lives in a twenty-story building, he climbs up and down the twenty floors half a dozen times every evening for a week before a heavy date.

The best story we have heard along these lines came from a HUSTLER reader in Alaska. He and his fellow workers exercised with weights all winter. A week before their leave, which brought them back to civilization, they stopped, letting the energy build up. Then they fucked their way across the country.

Check with your doctor before strenuous exercise and discuss a program with him which might suit you. Good luck.

I realize that it is impossible to get a cold in your cock, but can a person's throat become infected by gonorrhea germs? Please don't think that this sounds silly. I'm serious.

P. K.
Metropolis, Ill.

Your question is valid, and an important one, as well. Gonorrhea, and all of the other venereal diseases, are serious problems which warrant

immediate medical attention. The tender membranes of the throat and mouth can contract gonorrhea as a result of oral-genital sex. There have even been cases of infected rectums. It does no good to "change holes" and hope the problem will go away. If you think you have VD, see a doctor at once.

My wife and I spend hours playing with each other in bed. She has pretty, round breasts with dark nipples and a smooth behind. I also like to play with the lips of her cunt, which are pink and glow with an iridescence. She likes to play with the head of my cock and always likes to weave her fingers through my pubic hair and around my balls. We like to talk about which part of either of our bodies is the most sensuous. What do you think?

Marty Hefferman
Tallahassee, Fla.

How about your heads? All sex is ultimately in the mind anyway. Also, heads are something you both share.

I'm pretty careful about making sure my girl friend has an orgasm. If she doesn't come while we are fucking, I make her come with my hand. However, even though she always comes, she is often restless after we make love. Is there something I'm neglecting?

Larry Raven
Racine, Wisconsin

Haven't you heard about... Multiple Orgasms? Whereas most men are usually satisfied to come only once, many women can come more than once—in fact if really turned on, some women can come a half-dozen times in a row or even more. Masters and Johnson first publicized this orgasmic capacity in women, which they discovered with their mechanical vibrating penis.

Just because your girl friend has had one orgasm doesn't mean she might not want to try for a few more. Ask her. If you have already shot your wad, use your imagination. We are sure that between the two of you, you will be able to find alternatives for getting her off.

The item "Golden Shower Antics" in your August Bits & Pieces has put me in pleasant recollection of an early childhood experience which raises a question I have never heard satisfactorily addressed, even though I'm a big boy now and have heard of many things.

At the dangerous age of 4 or 5, I had been engaged for several sessions with a neighbor girl of the same age in that most ancient and universal of all children's games: comparative anatomy back behind the barn. Our experiments and examinations had so far been unremarkable for me when suddenly she stood up, took a spread eagle stance, leaned back, dextrously probed the folds of her little slit, and saying "Watch this," directed a fine and unbroken stream out the front, spattering onto the dust below. I was electrified at this demonstration of heretofore unimagined female ability. In the first place, it was a powerfully erotic observation, though I didn't really recognize my feelings at the time. If today I have a bit of a urine fetish, I can pretty well guess where that came from. But an academic question arises which has puzzled me ever since: How does a little girl, any little girl of such tender years, learn and perfect such a neat trick which obviously requires some practice and deft fingerwork? Now, I'm sure all little girls in this culture are early and very carefully instructed in the correct and only acceptable mode in which a proper young lady "makes her water," so how does the little devil first hit upon the new way, peeing in the standing position? Is it imitation of Daddy, a brother, or a male playmate? Or does she discover her hidden talent all on her own, and how, and why? And is she similarly eroticized by the act (with or without an audience) as I was and remain evermore by the observation? Female readers of HUSTLER, onetime tomboys all, may be moved to recall their own earliest experiences in answer to my puzzlement.

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THE PHILOSOPHER

Truth has very few friends and those few are suicides. ANTONIO PORCHIA

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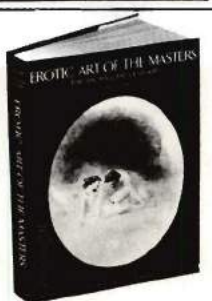
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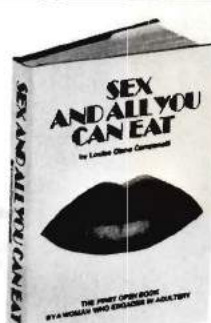
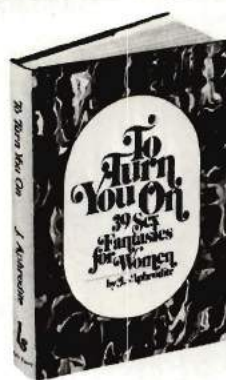
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Wild
in the
Country





The country is a stimulant for me. I can abstain from men and get to know myself all over. It's not easy sleeping alone, but once in a while it is refreshing. I go out in the woods and remember the best of all my lovers.

"Sometimes I run nude through the woods and pretend that a knight rides up and catches me. He then promises not to tell the king of my horrid behavior if I do what he says. Then he tells me to lie nude on the ground and rub my pussy just as he says. After this, he gets on his knees and orders me to suck his cock. As I do this, I notice he keeps staring at my crotch.



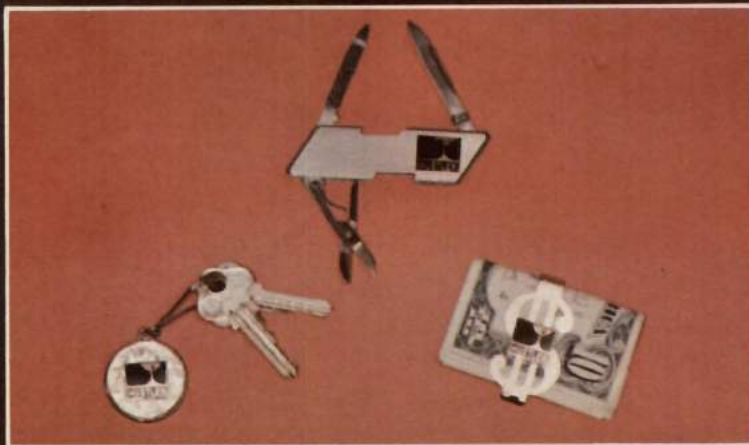


After a short period of this, he tells me to turn to face him.

"I hold my legs back for easy entry, and I realize he would never tell the King any of this, because he too has 'done wrong.' But, by now it is starting to feel good and I am no longer doing anything I don't want to do. He is definitely doing some fucking fit for a King. After all is done, I return to reality and decide it is time to go back to a real live man."



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KINKY KÖRNER

Do you have an unusual story to tell concerning personal fact or fantasy in sexual encounters at home or abroad? Write it down and submit it to HUSTLER's new "Kinky Korner," the section written by the readers for the readers. We pay \$100 for each story published at approximately 2,000 words in length.

by Janet Pierce

I think it's really great that you have this "Kinky Korner" where people can print their wildest experiences. I mean, there are things that you somehow feel you've just got to tell somebody—you know, "let it out." It's wonderful that there's an outlet for those of us who don't think that wild, kinky sex experiences are bad or sick. I'm not going to use my right name, or those of my family, for obvious social reasons, but I want to tell you about my experiences with my son.

I'm thirty-nine years old, and in damn good physical condition, if I do say so myself. I'm five feet six, with long red hair and green eyes and a fair complexion that I spend hours on. No wrinkles, anywhere. I'm an honest 39-D and don't need a bra, although I usually wear one. I've got good legs, to judge by the looks I get when I wear shorts. My husband, Harry, used to say that I looked like Rhonda Fleming, the movie star, but he hasn't said that—or anything nice—for a long time. Anyway, what I really want to talk about is my son, Randy.

Randy's nineteen now, and a real hunk. All the girls at his college would agree with that. He's just over six feet, with a 42-inch chest. He works out constantly in the basement with weights and all that muscle equipment. He's got blue eyes and wavy brown hair. He's also got eight inches where it counts, but I'll get to that later.

What I want to talk about began about five months ago. Randy was on vacation from school, and since he works evenings, he was around the house during the days. I guess I should explain that my husband is a great guy, and used to be a tremendous lover, back when we first got married twenty years ago. But I guess the pressure of running his own trucking business got to him. He's at work constantly, and he makes plenty of money. But we haven't fucked like newlyweds in six years! Jesus, I get so horny you couldn't believe it. Oh, every two weeks, Harry would get his five minutes, in

and out. He'd die if I played around outside and he knew it, so I haven't. I've had plenty of opportunity, with everybody from the milkman to my hairdresser, but instead I had a big pink electric vibrator. It feels good in there, but it'll never replace a hairy, hard-muscled man on top of you.

I told Harry last year that we needed to do something way-out, to try to bring some life back to us. So, he suggested that we join a nudist group. At first I didn't want to, but after we had gone down to that place in Indiana twice, I loved it. Harry did, too, but it didn't do anything for his sex drive. God, it did for mine! All those bare jocks around—some of them looking good enough to eat. I got tanned and firmed up all over, and even more frustrated. Harry took hundreds of pictures, in color—enlargements, everything. He's a nut on photography.

So, anyway, I've been noticing for the last year or so how Randy has blossomed out into a gorgeous man, with looks like a *Cosmopolitan* centerfold. He's got a beautiful girl friend, Sherry, and they get along wonderfully. Sometimes Randy balls her here at the house when he thinks no one is home. One night last winter I came in from shopping and saw Randy's car outside. His bedroom door was locked, and I listened very quietly. I could hear him moaning rhythmically, and Sherry was whimpering. Then she gave a little scream, and I could feel that delicious slippery wetness between my legs. I was thinking about it being me underneath Randy, coming with him instead of Sherry... I got to my electric dildo as quickly as I could.

Afterwards, I smiled at them in the living room and asked how everything was. Sherry blushed, and said she had to go home to do some school work. Randy stayed, and then I told him that I heard them in the bedroom, and hoped I hadn't disturbed them. Of course I knew I hadn't, but I wanted to see what Randy's reaction would be when he knew I heard him balling Sherry. He said I hadn't disturbed them.

I started changing out of my street clothes then, right in front of him. I took off my blouse, and unhooked my bra when I turned to go into the bedroom. I left the bedroom door open and made sure Randy could see me take my bra off. I picked out a shirt to wear, put my arms into it, then turned so he could see my tits plainly. My nipples and the circles around them are very dark



colored—almost brown—and when I'm excited like I was then, the nipples get hard and big, the size of cherries. I asked Randy if he used any protection, looking at his crotch the whole time. His cock was so hard that it seemed his zipper would break. "Sherry takes the pill," he said in a strangling kind of voice. His eyes were glued to my tits. "Good," I said, "so do I." I gave my boobs a little jiggle for him, and put the shirt on.

After that, I started going around the house in just a bra and panties, or sometimes a shorty negligee. I wear those real sheer bikini panties, and you can see the hair on my pussy right through. Randy would see me, and stare right at my boobs and my crotch. It made me tingle all over, and my vagina would get wet.



One day about a month later, Randy was home, getting some late sleep. I walked by his bedroom and saw that he was awake. I was going to take a shower, but I stopped and looked in for a minute. He had just showered and gone back to bed, and I was hoping I could get a good look at him. He had the sheet up over his waist, and that big hairy chest was showing. He had a box of Harry's photographs of the nudist resort, and he was looking at a big color shot of me, taken from the front with nothing on. It's a great picture, if I do say so myself. If it weren't for my husband's business reputation, I'd submit it to your magazine. Randy's right arm was under the sheet, which was moving up and down. He was jerking off, obviously. Well, I got so hot that I had to do *something!* I walked into the room, and Randy saw me and stopped. I said, "Honey, I want to take a shower, and I can't get this lousy bra unhooked. Will you do it for me?"

He reached up and unhooked me, and I took the bra off and turned around so he could see. I said, "Thanks, Baby," and lifted my boobs, one in each hand. "Don't put the pictures away yet," I said, "I want to look at them with you. I'll be back in a few minutes." I showered until I was squeaky-clean. I had to lather twice between my legs to get the stickiness out. Randy was lying on his back looking at the same photo when I came back. I could see his hard cock pushing up the sheet. I loosened the top of the towel that was wrapped around me, and sat beside him on the bed. "Let me see," I said, and leaned across him to get a photograph. Naturally, the towel fell off and my tits swung

free, brushing against his cheek. I rested my arm across his lower stomach and looked at the picture of myself. I could feel his hard cock against my arm. Randy was sweating and looking at my nipples, which were hard as rocks. "Not too bad a picture huh?" I asked him. "At least, not for me."

He was looking at the towel, which was now around my waist and covering the tops of my legs. I took the towel off and sat up. I stretched my legs out and moved my left leg off the bed so that my entire pussy was open for him to see. Then I leaned back a little so that the lips of my vagina were protruding. My right leg was bent and against Randy's side. I ran my right hand through my bush and grinned at him. "That's even better than the picture, isn't it?" I said. My voice almost couldn't be heard, I was so overcome with sex heat at the thought that I was lying on a bed with my grown son, both of us naked as jaybirds, and that I was doing everything in my power to get him to fuck me. I could feel him jacking off, very softly, looking at my open slit. "Looks good enough to eat," he said in an unsteady voice. I said, "I'll let you take care of that in a little while."

His hand was moving faster now, and I

 **I was overcome with sex heat at the thought that I was lying on a bed with my grown son, both of us naked as jaybirds.** 

didn't want him wasting good come without my getting any of it. I put my hand on his arm and leaned toward him. "Don't do that in front of your mother," I said, "let me do it for you." Then he put his hands up and squeezed my right breast toward his mouth. He traced around the nipple with his tongue and I started moaning. He was taking long, wet pulls at the nipple, and the skin on my boobs was so tight that the brown tips were shining. I threw the sheet off him, and there was the most beautiful, hard cock I have ever seen. It made me almost angry to think of how long I had been putting up with Harry's twice-a-month joke and an electric vibrator, while little teenage Sherry had been getting that beautiful long piece of meat slid up inside of her whenever she wanted it. I grabbed it tightly and slid his foreskin back, so that the huge red knob glistened. It was so beautiful that I couldn't resist popping my mouth over it and taking a long suck on it. He shuddered, and I took my mouth off. I wanted to just see that gorgeous cock for a while. I knew he'd pop if I touched him again for a few minutes, so I said, "Just a minute, Darling, I want to see something."

I got up and went to my husband's desk, where I found a ruler, then went back to bed. Randy was just laying there, with this immense erection. He grinned as I put the ruler beside his stiff rod, and read the measurement. "Eight and one-half inches," I read aloud, and felt like I might pass out. I tossed the ruler aside and gripped his shaft with one hand, and started to jack him off slowly, very slowly. His tip was leaking, and in a couple of minutes he sighed, and thick white come spurted three feet down the length of the bed.

I felt like I would burst if I didn't suck him, so I leaned across him and swallowed the rest of his load, tonguing the last drops out of his slit with the tip of my tongue. He never even started to go soft. Harry never would let me suck him—thinks it's dirty—so I'd fantasized about it for twenty years, and finally I had that big, sweet juicy thing in my mouth. I really made up for lost time. I was swirling my tongue around and over his tip, kneading his big balls with both hands, and then planting little wet kisses all up and down his shaft. Randy was moaning loudly and bucking under me, shoving his cock down my throat. I was doing a real Linda Lovelace bit. He was trying to get me to lift my hips over his face so we could sixty-

nine, but I wanted to concentrate on one thing at a time. Randy buried his fingers in my long hair then, and I went really crazy, like some kind of vacuum cleaner, with my head bobbing up and down on him. Then he lifted his groin and shuddered violently. I softly bit around the base of his knob with my teeth, and I could feel his hot come spurting over my tongue. I savored the thick juice and swallowed it—my first time since high school. I never realized before how much I had missed it.

Randy lay quietly for a few minutes, breathing heavily. Then he pulled me over beside him and we kissed for a few minutes, with his tongue deep in my mouth. Then he started down, and nearly drove me crazy kissing and tonguing my neck and shoulders before he got to my tits. I don't know where this beautiful kid learned foreplay, but whoever taught him should get a medal and a government grant to teach it to other men—my husband included. When he did get to my boobs, Randy took me to even greater heights, kissing all around each one, tracing around the brown circles with his tongue, then sucking each nipple for minutes at a time. I thought I would die with pleasure, and knew I would come soon.

Randy started down on me again, and when he kissed my navel, I could smell my own juices rising. Then he was kissing my bush, just the hair at the top. He went down the insides of my thighs, one at a time, all the way down to my feet. He came back up the outsides of my legs, then spread them and kissed my slit hard. He spread the lips with his fingers, started softly kissing and sucking my clit, which was easy to find by that time. I started coming almost immediately. It felt like a small, hard explosion in the pit of my belly, with circular waves running out like ripples from a rock thrown in a pond. Then he spread my legs further apart and lay down between them, and plunged his tongue deep into my slit. I crossed my legs behind his head, shuddering and squealing with the intense joy. He was lapping hungrily inside me, holding one of my tits in each hand. I was holding onto the headboard of the bed behind me with both hands for support, my eyes closed tightly, thrusting my hips toward his mouth. In a few minutes I came again, with a little scream that I couldn't hold back. I opened my eyes then, and saw Randy get up on his knees, his mouth wet with my juices. He had

his big cock in his hand, and it was as hard as it had been before.

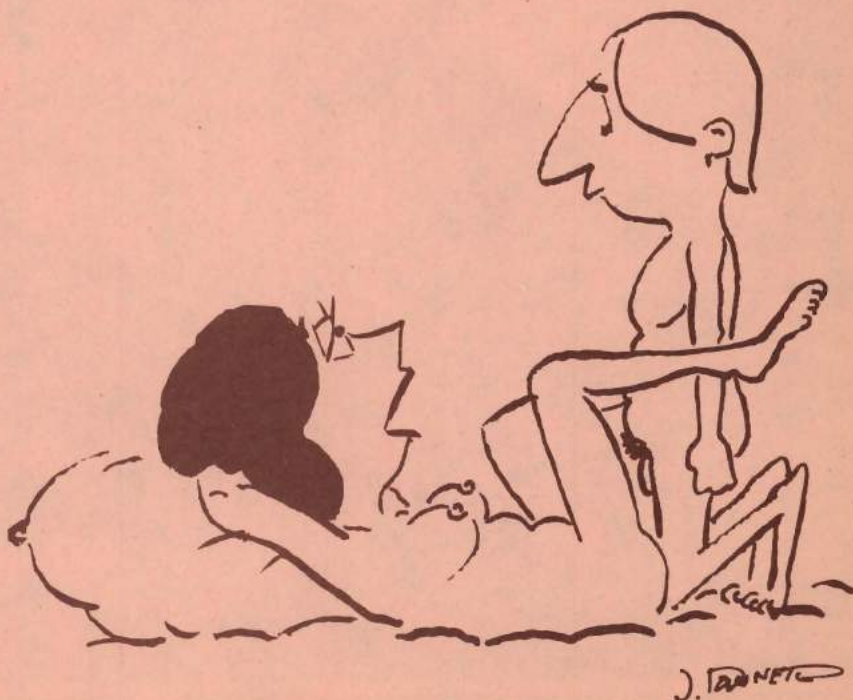
Randy moved up between my legs, and put the tip of his dick against my outer lips, moving it up and down with his hand. I was insane, screaming, "Fuck me! Fuck me, Randy!" as loud as I could. Luckily all the doors were locked and the air conditioner was on. I threw my legs up around his waist and locked them tight. He moved forward and slid slowly into my pussy all the way up to the hilt. It felt like slicing a big knife through semisoft ice cream. I was bucking like a wild animal, and Randy was thrusting into me like a pile driver.

We got a beautiful slow rhythm going after a while, and I began to feel other things than just my throbbing, cock-filled pussy. I loved the weight of his body on me, the tips of my breasts pushing up into his hairy chest, tickling them into even greater stimulation. The heat of my thighs locked around his slim waist, the coolness of my feet on the backs of his calves—if I had died then, I would have died happier than anyone in history. Randy's face was above mine, kissing me, sweating with me, his big prod moving around inside me. He held my face in his hands, saying, "Mom, I'm finally fucking you! I can't believe it! I'm finally

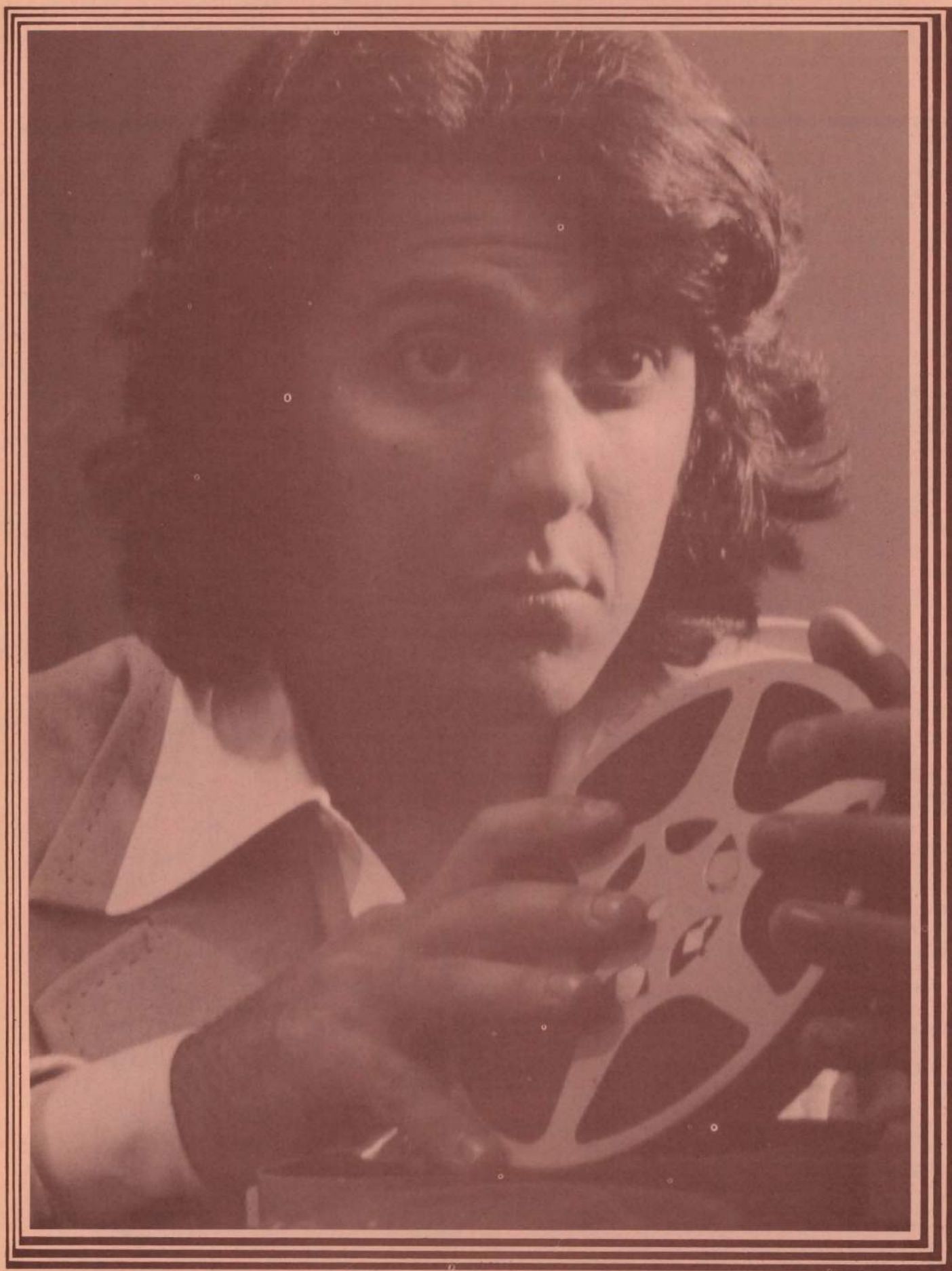
fucking you!" I was grinning happily up at him, meeting his every thrust with my own. "You sure are, Darling," I said in his ear, "and I'll give you until next year to stop!"

He kissed me hard, then, and pushed deep inside me, vibrating like a hot machine. Then he arched his back, and the excitement and thrill of knowing that my son was about to come inside me made me come also. I screamed and bit his neck, while I could feel his hot juices surging deep in my cunt. That was his third climax, and mine, and we just lay in each other's arms for an hour, resting. Finally we fucked once more, on the living room carpet, and then got dressed before Harry came home.

Now I'm a different woman. Randy and I ball at least once a day, sometimes more. It's so free—we sixty-nine, do it dog-fashion, everything. I've never felt this alive. Harry can tell it, too. He still performs the same way, but I don't demand as much from him—Randy gives me all I want. I don't feel the least bit guilty, in fact I feel like I own a secret gold mine that nobody knows about but me. So, now that I've satisfied my feminine urge to tell my secret—to someone who can't ruin it for me—I think I'll leave this typewriter and go give my stud son some head. ■■



"Forget the 'playing me like a violin' bit...make it more like a harmonica!"



CRAIG BAUMGARTEN: PORN PRODUCER

By Don Anderson

Craig Baumgarten is the 26-year-old producer (and co-star) of *Sometime Sweet Susan*, the first hard-core movie ever to receive the Screen Actors' Guild stamp of approval. Previously the S.A.G. had ignored the porno film industry, with the result that most hard-core flicks had been made by "underground" actors and technicians paid less than union-scale wages, while often working under sub-standard conditions. But Baumgarten changed all that when he hired professional actors, paid them Guild rates, and arranged the film's shooting schedule to allow sufficient production time to even include rehearsals. The result: Hollywood's latest X-rated psycho-drama, *Sometime Sweet Susan*.

Born on August 27, 1949, Baumgarten was raised in the Chicago suburb of Glencoe, Illinois. He studied political science and urban affairs at Syracuse University and New York University. It was in 1970 that he first became interested in politics and he helped campaign for Howard Samuels for Governor of New York. Other political activities include a stint as an aide and advance man in John V. Lindsay's race for Mayor of New York City. During the next few years, he assisted several other politicians, including George McGovern and Charles Goodell.

It was also in New York that he began moving into money-making ventures and published a magazine called *Wine Now*, a specialty publication for the international wine industry. He was associated with the magazine for three-and-a-half years until its recent sale, after which the *enfant terrible* began to apply his knowledge of media packaging and political publicity to the porno film industry, with the successful production of *Sometime Sweet Susan*.

A typical session with Baumgarten is as rambling as his developing career. He skillfully sidesteps many of the heavier questions, sometimes bending over backwards just to avoid making his

point. Knowing this, HUSTLER sent one of its top interviewers, Don Anderson, to rap with Baumgarten at his towering five-story Brownstone, amidst the paneled walls, the plush carpets and curtains, and the over-stuffed Naugahyde furniture. Anderson lost no time running his subject through a gauntlet of gut-level questions. Baumgarten survived, but just barely.

HUSTLER INTERVIEW



HUSTLER: You have been quoted as saying that you wanted to make porno pictures more "high class." Is this just a big highbrow act regarding your film production of *Sometime Sweet Susan*? Didn't you want sucking and fucking to be the main part of the film?

BAUMGARTEN: Yes and no. We wanted to make a film which we thought would be sensual and sensitive—suggestive but cool—soft and sexy—while still being a good straight hard-on and fuck film, but not empty, rough and raunchy.

HUSTLER: So what's wrong with a raunchy porno film?

BAUMGARTEN: I felt that hard-core porno films had shown plenty of the straight fuck and suck stuff—without enough of the tender meat; I mean, how much raw sex can people see without its becoming two pieces of meat slapping together. Emotions are



Baumgarten getting into character.

We wanted to show that love and personal affection and tenderness could go along with fine sucking and fucking.



Baumgarten getting into another character.

real—they do exist—and can be shown as such on film as well as in real life—and there is no reason that fine films can't show love with sensitive sex. Sex films can be well done, with the reality of tenderness and love mixed in together as part of the real human emotions.

HUSTLER: Why do you need professional actors for fancy fucking? Tell us your techniques. Was there anything special or secret?

BAUMGARTEN: We needed professional actors—not just to fuck, but to show more than just depth of pussy — or length of cock. We needed to show depth of personality because of the psychological involvements with the many characters in the film plot.

HUSTLER: Wasn't all that psychological business just added to puff out the screw scenes?

BAUMGARTEN: We started with a book, with the same title, as our basis, and the author of that novel, Joel Scott, also wrote our screenplay.

HUSTLER: Was it all done to make a fuck film more exploitable — as getting S.A.G. approval, S.A.G. actors, following the book and the title so closely, etc.?

BAUMGARTEN: Good god, no. We really wanted to bring about better hard-core movies. There is no reason, I repeat, that fuck and suck porno pics can't be involved with good acting and plots — and certainly good photography, with a musical score of equal quality. We have all that in *Sometime Sweet Susan*.

HUSTLER: How did you arrive at this decision. At age twenty-seven do you now consider yourself a porno flick authority?

BAUMGARTEN: No. In fact, I've seen very few porno films—because of the fact I like to have sex more than I like to see it on screen. I do like to see fine films, and I guess I'd seen so few porno pics because most of the plots are crude and raunchy. We really wanted to create a softer fuck film — maybe a first of its own kind.

HUSTLER: Certainly *The Devil and Miss Jones* and *Deep Throat* were acknowledged as good porno pictures. And what about *Last Tango in Paris* with Marlon Brando?

BAUMGARTEN: Yes, true. I especially liked the first two you've mentioned—but *Tango*, I thought, was a cop-out—not honest enough. To me, that wasn't a good sex film because it didn't show great sex the way I think it should be shown. It was about

THE PHILOSOPHER

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a great star having sex—but it didn't really show the sex. It was a put-on more than a hard-on. Brando holding a stick of butter ain't enough. Why not go all the way? Let's have it all, and show it all the way—in and out. The Europeans have been going all the way in their films—and they have to chop out the sex scenes to send them over here. No one is forced to go and see hard-core pictures—and no one is surprised, I'm sure, with what they see when they pay to see a porno picture. They want to see some good fucking and sucking. In fact, one film critic did criticize us and said, "If you're really going to make fuck films, do it—and skip the personality mush." I disagree. I think the lines between the regular films and hard-core will disappear. I think films will keep their ratings, of course, but then the X-rated pictures don't have to become underground just because they are hard-core. Let the difference between adult pictures be just good or bad. The public's reaction to the film should be the true test.

HUSTLER: And you believe the public wants more in fuck films than just the pubic areas in heavy action?

BAUMGARTEN: Yes. We wanted to show that love and personal affection and tenderness could go along with fine sucking and fucking. The audience's reaction proves it for us. *Sometime Sweet Susan* is going great guns in Europe, and now in Japan as well.

HUSTLER: Does your film attempt to present a solution—because you say it is meant to illustrate the development of a personality—and yet doesn't the film arrive at a deep end for the subject, Susan, as she continues to be just a fast fucking whore?

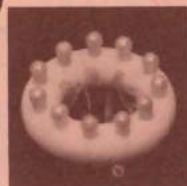
BAUMGARTEN: The plot is meant to be a metaphor on our society. The fact is that Susan, of the title role, would never be in a mental institution if our country's sexual attitudes wouldn't create anxieties her parents forced on her. When Susan was very young, her stepfather beat her for being interested in boys. She was told it was wrong and was whipped. Such punishment took her out of her right mind—and in the book, as in the film, you can see how she develops two personalities: one who is Susan, sometimes sweet, and the other, Sandra, who was the out-and-out whore which Susan had become and was thus arrested and institutionalized. We wanted to show how her parental excessive attitudes

THE PHILOSOPHER

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and domination forced her mental retreat to establish another rebellious personality.

HUSTLER: How does it happen she is shown fucking her psychiatrist (played by Harry Reems) while he is attempting to uncover her past?

BAUMGARTEN: Those scenes, if you remember, are part of her fantasies. While he is attempting to unearth her *alter ego*, Sandra, a coarse and lusty hooker, Susan seeks some release from discovering herself locked up, by fantasizing those fuck scenes with her doctor.

HUSTLER: Do you suggest this film adds material to controversies about doctors having sex with their patients?

BAUMGARTEN: No. We're not suggesting that at all, but we wanted to picture the ideal sucking and fucking she desired, instead of the violent experience alone which flipped her mind.

HUSTLER: That rape scene was certainly violent enough—and wouldn't you call that jack-off scene where he came on top of her rather raunchy? Didn't you say you wanted your fuck film to be all gentle screwing with soft music background for the full fleshtone technicolor?

BAUMGARTEN: The psychological drama of the film is explained by that strong rape scene, which would not have come about had she been allowed to have normal boyfriends as a teenager—without being beaten by her stepfather, who considered her wicked for just looking at boys when she was growing up.

HUSTLER: The scenes where she is recalling her teens and she begins to visualize or recall the scenes where she is being wicked with her boyfriend—isn't that you playing the boyfriend? How did you happen to cast yourself as a star fucker in your own film? Do you like to see yourself fucking and getting sucked off on screen?

BAUMGARTEN: The truth of the matter is that professional actor Michael Foss was scheduled to play the part of the boyfriend. He did do a lot of talking in advance, in-

THE PHILOSOPHER
When the superficial wearies me, it wearies me so much that I need an abyss in order to rest.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

tellethualizing about sucking and fucking on screen—in preparation for his role—so maybe that explains the fact that when it came time to film those scenes, Mike had passed out—drunk and unable to perform in any way. I felt compelled to save the day—actually it was late at night by that time, and cameras, crew, lights, etc. were all set—and it was at the end of a very long last day in our filming with no time to spare. I didn't fill in and fall on the star, Miss Shawn Harris, just because I wanted a chance to be seen getting it on with her on the silver screen.

HUSTLER: Well, it seems you had no trouble getting it up for that scene—and in fact, one critic said the size of your cock made him jealous. Weren't you slightly embarrassed fucking in front of the cameras and crew? Don't they get in rather close to film all that closeup action of cock and cunt together? How could you perform so well if this was, as you say, an unrehearsed production—with all the previous fuck scenes scheduled so well in advance with the two actors—and the push and pull movements planned so well in advance?

BAUMGARTEN: We didn't actually fuck on screen—I mean for the camera, for if you remember in the film, the memory Susan recalls as a flashback didn't permit the screw scene to come to a finishing point. We began to get it together in the nude scenes but we didn't finish the fuck scenes during the filming.

HUSTLER: Then did you take advantage of your position as producer to tell the crew to take a flying fuck out so you could take over and finish the screw scene with Miss Harris?

BAUMGARTEN: The film plot didn't permit us to finish into an orgasm—we just went off to another room to come together by ourselves. To tell the truth—we didn't need any rehearsals because I'd been sleeping with Shawn since our original meeting.

HUSTLER: Then you had become one of those leering producers who lure young girls into the films just for the fucking, is that it?

BAUMGARTEN: No way. We interviewed some two hundred actresses for the part after publishing an announcement for a regular studio-type casting call. Shawn Harris was the second actress interviewed, and immediately I said to the other staff, *that* is the girl for the part. She read her lines exactly the way we had visualized Susan to be—ranging from a disturbed withdrawn mental patient who goes down on her nurse after stripping off her uniform—to the sexy female who visualizes herself blowing her doctor's cock—to the sensitive teenager

who falls in love with her boyfriend and begins to make love in the home sitting in front of the fireplace.

HUSTLER: Is it part of the regular interview for each of the aspiring stars to become the fucking girl friend of the producer. Do you have them take off all their clothes to read their parts? Not a bad start!

BAUMGARTEN: Now you are presuming things which are not true. Shawn read her lines exceeding well. Only after our interviewing all of the girls did we finally select twenty whom we then asked to disrobe because the film would involve nude scenes. Shawn, who had been in *Che!* and *Hair*, was accustomed to nudity. But sex scenes were all new to her. We began dating and I had explained much of the film's plot along with the love scenes, etc. And we began sleeping together as friends. Our sex scene was nothing manufactured, nor did it seem unnatural for either of us to be screwing together.

HUSTLER: Isn't it difficult to get your cock up when you have a half-dozen film crew in the background, from a script girl to a light man, and a camera guy almost halfway up your ass with his lens?

BAUMGARTEN: With the new cameras, fortunately, the lighting doesn't have to be very bright. That helped me be less self-conscious. And knowing this girl so well—and knowing what a damn good fuck she is—it didn't take much time for me to get it up—and if you remember, she is an expert at foreplay, for she really knows how to suck a guy's cock to get it rock-hard and stick-stiff real quick.

HUSTLER: Do you screw every actress you meet? Do you have any idea how many girls you have screwed?

BAUMGARTEN: No, I don't screw every actress or girl I meet. The numbers might total over five hundred—but I certainly don't keep count of the cunt I've had. Over half of the women I've met and screwed I have not screwed again. I'm really interested in their personalities—that is the part which attracts—and after sex if the personality doesn't carry me along with the emotion I lose interest pretty fast.

HUSTLER: If you can screw a girl without knowing her personality in the first place, how come you get so choosy and throw her away afterwards?

BAUMGARTEN: First impressions can be misleading, especially when you're trying to break through the sexual barrier. Afterwards, when you are both relaxed, you sometimes look different to each other.

HUSTLER: What is your favorite kind of sex?

BAUMGARTEN: I have no favorite type of sex—I think all sex is beautiful and fun.

HUSTLER: When you say 'all sex,' does that include guys?

BAUMGARTEN: No. I'm into women.

HUSTLER: But if you like to come in a warm mouth—how can you be so sure it isn't a guy's mouth in the dark?

BAUMGARTEN: Let's just say I don't want to be scratched by a beard; and I like to grab hold of a nice firm breast when I'm coming.

HUSTLER: How about anal sex? Do you dig fucking a girl in the ass?

BAUMGARTEN: It can be nice, if the girl is into it, also. Generally, that's something that comes up further into the relationship.

HUSTLER: Totaling the number of girls you have had by now—do we presume you are not married at this time? Correct? Have you ever been married? And are you living with someone now?

BAUMGARTEN: No, I'm not married. I have always been single and live alone in a New York brownstone—I have a duplex—I like the extra room. Once every three or four months the co-owner of the building (who has the two upstairs floors for himself, his wife and family) and I throw a big bash for what we usually call our "two hundred most intimate friends." But it isn't a sex orgy. It is a party for people, and we start it simply by getting wines we like by the jug—and put them out for everybody to help themselves. I'm not an orgy-raunchy type person so maybe my life might sound a little plain or restricted. I'm private, sex-wise. Nothing fancy in the group scene—but there are lots of groupies, of course, in the fuck film business.

HUSTLER: Do you mean there are lots of "hangers-on" who want to suck and fuck the film stars? Have you had any calls from groupies who want you after seeing your nude scene in the film?

BAUMGARTEN: Sure. I have lots of calls; some call late at night to say they've just seen me in the picture and can't we get together. I say "No way," and hang up. I'm not one for blind dates of any kind and certainly not one to follow up a suggestive phone call. Amazingly, a lot of the calls are from guys—but as I said—I'm not into boys. I like to screw girls and I'll stay with those.

HUSTLER: Aren't most groupies females? Isn't that a bonanza for you?

BAUMGARTEN: No—some groupies are gay guys after the male studs all the time.

continued on page 117

THE PHILOSOPHER
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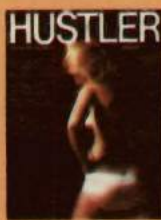
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BAUMGARTEN

continued from page 115

Harry Reems, the psychiatrist in our film, gets lots of calls from guys because they have seen his big cock in action—but he is only into girls, too.

HUSTLER: Harry Reems is certainly ready to be rated the king cocksman of the fuck films, right? Wasn't he also the doctor in the famed *Deep Throat* whose cock Linda Lovelace sucked-off first for treatment?

BAUMGARTEN: Yes. He has appeared in well over 400 hard-core films—and of the eleven hard-core films which have grossed more than one million dollars, he has starred in nine of them.

HUSTLER: Well, you've seen him in action. Does he have the talent to get his cock up on call like a trained bird? Is that why you hired him for the film?

BAUMGARTEN: No, although of course I knew he was a good cocksman, but that wasn't the one and only reason. He and I play baseball together on a New York Lambs Club team—and we had talked about the fact that the S.A.G. didn't recognize hard-core pictures. And that started us looking for a good plot—a picture that they would feel was valid for their approval. He is very experienced in the behind-the-scenes experiences, too, as

regards making a film, knowing about lighting, etc. While he was actively involved with some of his best screw scenes he would be concerned that the cameraman was getting the best angle, being most cooperative with whatever would give the best viewpoint of the action.

HUSTLER: Well, did he get his cock up just by saying the magic words?

BAUMGARTEN: Well, yes and no. You see, in the picture we wanted to show love in its reality, so the sex scenes of the psychiatrist and Susan after he comes home from duty at the hospital, etc., all began with love-making. Susan began her fantasy by undressing him as he undressed her, and doing a lot of happy feeling all over—and kissing all over—so when she took his cock in her mouth to begin sucking it, it was soft, but with her loving attention, he quickly let his talent go to a great erection. We felt that is much more like real life as it is—rather than just having a film where six guys jump a girl and begin to hump her in some mad fucking scene—and then pulling out to come all over the camera. We didn't

THE PHILOSOPHER

My poverty is not complete: it lacks me.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

want to get involved with those gross scenes—far too splashy—excuse the expression and the pun—coming onto the lens and all that. Such pulling out—*coitus interruptus*—I remember being puzzled by that expression when I was in high school.

HUSTLER: When did you start fucking to become such a cunt-and-come expert? Was your first sex experience in school?

BAUMGARTEN: My first screw wasn't actually in a school proper, but mighty close—on the school playground outside, late at night. I'd been dating the girl for about a year—that is, I was fifteen or sixteen and we were "going steady"—but just feeling and fingering around and nothing else. We didn't really know what to do, exactly. I can't say it was bad—but it really didn't turn out very pleasant because the girl hemorrhaged so much—for two or three days—and we were scared shitless because we didn't know what had happened. Of course, she was a virgin and so was I. We didn't know anything about sex—and this is what I meant—our parents hadn't told us anything, but we sure wanted to find out. So we experimented. I think kids should be told sooner. We should stop any type of forbidden knowledge—that is one of the reasons I wanted to make this film and show how parental restrictive domination certainly ruined Susan's life, making her feel dirty

continued on page 125



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by Jim McCaule

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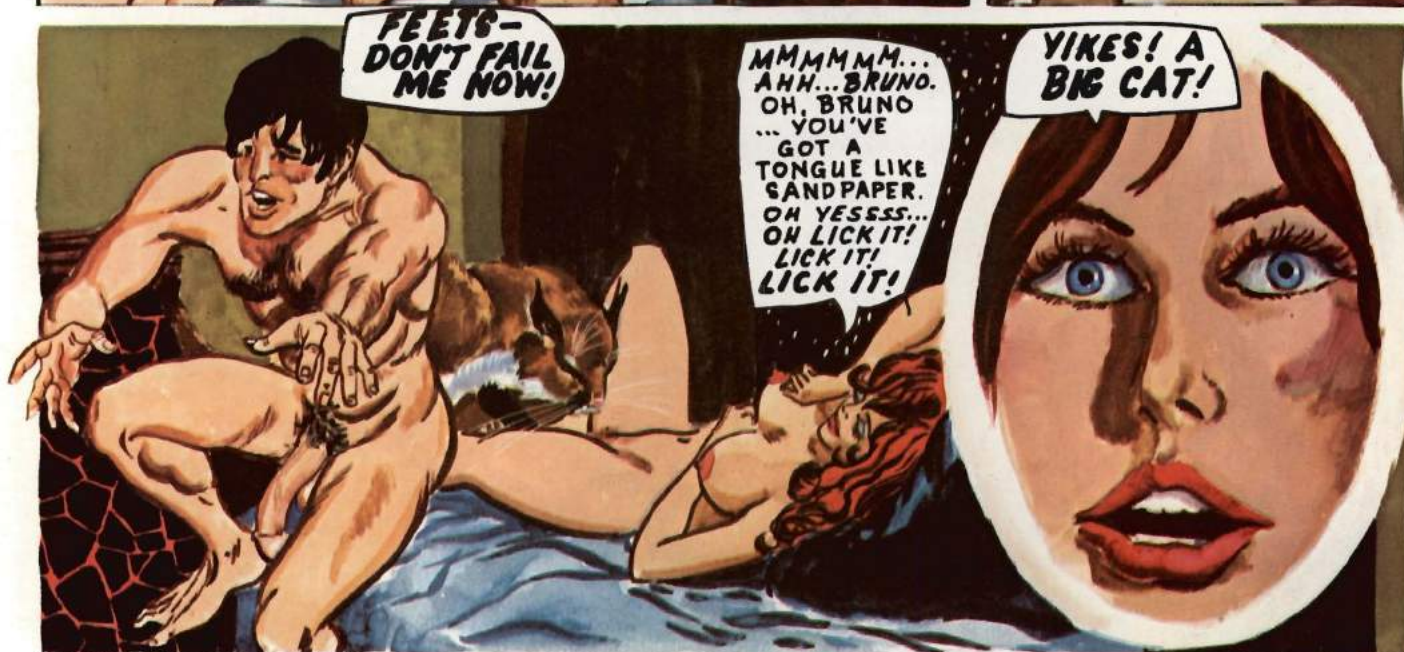


MY... IT SURE IS STIFF!

I'LL HAVE TO RIDE DOWN WITH YOU... AND I THINK I KNOW JUST THE WAY.









NEXT- A TASTE OF HONEY...



HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY

by Fickling

CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

Balls to the walls! Pricks to the bricks!

You damned ambitious, courageous Capricorns are at it again. You would work 24 hours a day if some asshole hadn't invented sleep. At the scene of an accident, you're the kind of guy who carries people out of burning cars, and screw the danger. There are more Cappy "headstrong heroes" running around on battlefields packing automatic rifles or chasing thugs down back alleys with a police revolver than you can shake a cock at.

As your birthday approaches and the dawn of America's 200th year bursts loose like a virgin vagina, greet 1976 with a scrumptious, shapely, sex-loving Scorpio. Right now it's a toss-up between Cancer and a sensuous Scorpion, but that bit of sting Ms. S has makes her the winner this month.

You Capricorns love to plant your horns and must dominate everything, or piss on it. The Scorpio doll must have a man who can completely dominate her, despite the fact that tying her down is like lassoing a kangaroo. Often she is a very complex person and can be cold, heartless, cuntless and in a fierce ball-breaking mood.

The Cappytain is more in command now than ever, so get her to toy with the family jewels rather than belt them; tease, tempt and tantalize her twat and she'll grow bold rather than cold. Despite the weather outside, this is a particularly good time for you Cappys to stoke the furnaces inside and out. Hell, haven't you ever tried it on a bobsled? She just sits a little farther back on your lap after you've cut two nice round holes in your snow suits! At the bottom of the hill, after fifty beautiful bangs and bounces, you'll be screaming your lungs out and nearby skiers won't even know the true, joyful, juicy reason for all that hullabaloo.

Capricorn charts continue to look up in the money department, but caution should be exercised so that you don't quietly blow a gasket, work yourself into a shitty sweat and drop over in your tracks. No sense breaking your butts this month over the opportunity to make a small bit of dough when future 1976 Capricorn charts indicate bigger moola is coming.

You are generally a super-strong person, a rock. Don't start the year off buried under a stone!

Take some time off, even if you'd honestly be happier at the grindstone. Take a winter vacation. Kick up your heels at your birthday party. Tear off a pair of *high* heels, a gal's dress, panties and bra and *jerk* off some of your energy.

Life's too short. And so are some of those skirts. Don't be a boobhead, go for the bobsled.

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

Predicted new money is here! You wild Aquarians might possibly have come up with a new invention — "Stiff Prick Lacquer," the product that "never lets you down!" Or the "Triple Treasure Brassiere," the bra with the "Built-In Spare"! No matter how crazy the idea, you water-bearers are in for some unexpected dough-re-mi this month and some strange out-of-the-blue love-making. If you're married and you've been trying to talk your wife into approaching a girl friend for a threesome orgy—this is it! This might even work in the early morning hours following a big New Year's Eve celebration. Fuck goodness sake — don't miss out!

PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

Continue to keep your money clip clipped and your zipper unzipped. Moochers are really on your tail right now during this slow winter season, and any sort of loans may never be repaid. On the contrary, it's hot-pants tail you ought to be on the trail of—and plenty of anxious ass will be paying on delivery. Attend all the holiday parties possible and keep your eyes and fly open for a culpable Capricorn (meaning someone responsible for wrongdoing)! Oh, she may look sweet, but give her three minutes in the back seat of a car and you'll see and feel how right she can be wrong.

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Honesty is certainly not the best policy right now for you rambunctious Rams, especially since the "Aries Wanderlust" is in full bore and you are running amuck looking for "passionate pussy." A Ram in "heat" is about as frustrating as an orgy staged in a broom closet. Right now your immense urge to "dunk your donkey" is literally equalled, and possibly surpassed, by your desire to spend the bucks (on the clucks) and won't diminish as long as this urge is being fed by some new grandiose dreams and an interminable list of projects that have captured your imagination. Settle in the saddle, don't muddle and befuddle.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Fortunately, 1976 appears to be a Bullish year—at least, to start. Dames, dough and diggings in roughly that order. If you're married you may lock horns with a very adventuresome Aquarian doll, who might warm your cockles and tempt you to run off with her. You wouldn't go that far, but take the early morsels and enjoy. Monetary charts are as bright as a virgin pussy being opened for the first time. Take advantage of every offer. Nothing can go wrong at the moment, including being caught by your wife. The diggings (home) may come under some difficult weather this month, and you should be planning now to revitalize, come spring.

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Make up your mind early in 1976 to get more of the "good things" and many more goodies. Hesitancy has been dogging you 2- and 3-sided guys of late, and this only leads to missing out when the benefits are passed around. Webster defines *benefit* as: "a payment or series of payments to one in need." You are definitely *in need*. In fact, you had better get *in* quick like a bunny rabbit early in January and wheel, deal and feel your way to *suckcess*. The gal who can do more for you right now than any other is a Gemfem. She will polish your jewels to a fare-thee-well and will even open up her richly-arrayed box to show you her "Star of India." She will let you polish it until it is ruby red.

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

Frustrations and Fucksations! Money and honey matters don't seem to be improving for you Wall Street- and Main Street-battered

Cancerians. You are losing bucks and fucks faster than a millionaire with a suitcase full of greenbacks caught in a whorehouse during a tornado. Come the full moon this month, you Cancer guys had best dig a hole and pull the hole in after you. Or find one you can bury your family jewels plus your bank account in until the fiscal, financial and fuckuating storms abate. Stay in bed or you're dead—almost!

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

Leo charts are batting almost as financially high as Leo Durocher's new book, *Nice Guys Finish Last*, this month. Winter is always a "cocky" time for the Lions, when most guys are complaining about the weather and whether (they can get it up) the Leo is batting 1.000 in both pay and lay. The gals all love you dancing clowns as it is, but right now cash in on the fact you're the only ones with smiles on your faces and hot throbbing muscles in your drawers. You are in for some exciting events (beyond loving and shoving, eatin' and meatin') which could eventually change your way of living in the next six months. Hang in there!

VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

That fantastic six-month "fun and fantasy" Virgo well has just about run dry. If you didn't have the romp of your life, the rump of your wife, and a pump that was nice (over and over) with a multitude of females, plus bucks, chicks, chucks, checks, chunks, chirping, slurping and burping—you have only yourself to blame and a few days left to find Shangri-La. Never in the Virgo charts has male dominance so rose, arise, arisen and conjugated itself into such a sexual and financial impact. The "Last Tango in Paris" is here, the night train to Bordeaux, the offer to play opposite Linda Lovelace. Suck a buck!

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

You nice, easy-going, soft-spoken, hour-in-the-shower Librans ought to take a leaf from your own fig tree this month. Take a pretty Pisces or a lovable Leo (or both) under the warm, cascading water of your shower and, since your ever-inquisitive minds are always seeking new knowledge, search for never-touched plateaus, hidden vistas, ream, ram and roam—at your leisure. You guys are the judge and the jury, always trying to be fair, so share the wealth. Give both girls equal time and they may bless you with this tome: "Libidinous Librans Live—you bet our sweet Asses!"

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

Money isn't funny right now and the tighter it gets, the more it resembles an impossible-to-penetrate asshole or pussy. You Scorpion lads had best keep poking away, and maybe—just maybe—you may get into the promised land. Your charts indicate a lot of work and worry and not much time for fucking around, but there are promising rays on the immediate horizon. Possible changes in your business status quo could lead to some sudden monetary build-ups. You may be walking a very narrow tightrope regarding both sex and money. The best way to escape a dangerous 1976 trap is take some much needed advice—quickly!

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

Your girl friends call you "Lucky-sucky Sagittarians." Who cares what your wives call you? That is not only unprintable, but longer than the Bible. There may be trouble in "Sag City" this month, because you guys got a big jump on the new Bicentennial Year and blew yourselves out over New Year's Eve. Best you tuck in the old "tape measure" you claimed was 10 or 12 inches, depending upon how gullible the girlies—or drunk (or both)—and try to straighten out your lives. Charts show you can make some money this month, if you don't blow it and all the gals first. Eat pasta, not pussy!

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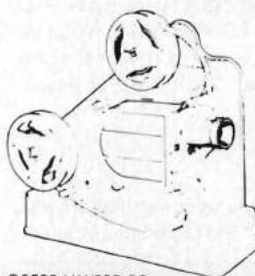
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BAUMGARTEN

continued from page 117

just for being friendly to boys and finally driving her in the opposite direction of her parents' wishes. She ended up being a split personality, being rejected, and being driven toward prostitution.

HUSTLER: Now that you are a sex specialist with women—between eating and screwing them—are you surprised how much you do for variety? Did you always want to go down on girls?

BAUMGARTEN: No. I can't remember how old I was before I first went down on a girl. One of my first steady girl friends—whom I wanted to eat in the worst way—never let me; she said that was "dirty." Then some years ago I saw her again; she was divorced, but meanwhile she had really been around and around—I mean she was cool—and it was no time lost before we hit the sheets, and as soon as we did, down I went, because by now she had really learned to love it.

That was some great 69 with that girl. She was a super fuck. Now I've heard she moved with her guy to Alaska.

HUSTLER: Speaking of eating pussy, what do you think about rimming? Most people don't talk about it—and you didn't show any of that in the movie and most people won't even say they enjoy tonguing anybody's asshole—or even say they enjoy having their own assholes given a good rimming with a frisky tongue.

BAUMGARTEN: I think any form of sexual expression between two consenting adults—between two able and willing bodies—can be beautiful, and if it turns somebody on—or both bodies on—what could be more beautiful? Nothing feels better than an orgasm, so why not live and love and let come, and if somebody wants to use different holes for expression or coming, then more power to him.

HUSTLER: You seem real relaxed about your sex life—and it certainly seems straight enough. How did you feel so relaxed with a group watching while on a strange movie set?

BAUMGARTEN: Actually the scene wasn't so strange. That film scene was shot in my own living room. We were all ready to shoot the scene—lights low, candles burning, etc. So to tell the truth, I felt right at home—feeling and fucking with Shawn—for we had done the bit several times in front of my fireplace already, and I loved getting into her. That whole scene was being shot in my own living room so I knew the setting, and her, very well, and what I was getting into—and I love fucking that sweet broad.

HUSTLER: How long did it take—how long were the two of you screwing, and how

many times did they shoot the scene before, as they say, you were ready to shoot off yourself?

BAUMGARTEN: Well, on film, our fuck scenes were cut off as they became misted in Susan's memory. But in reality, we continued; we went off to another room in my house, and finished by ourselves. But the actual filming of the "feel scene," before any fucking took place, involved about half an hour. Like I said, I felt right at home, for I was at home, and I liked what I was feeling.


HUSTLER: Now that you've been launched as a fuck-film star, are you planning to star and screw in other films?

BAUMGARTEN: The next films and projects I am planning will not feature or star me, for as I mentioned, I'm quite private about my personal sex life with girls, and I want to keep it that way. No matter what everyone else might think, we didn't stage any nude scenes in the film for any reason other than that they were called for in the script—and I was used to portray the nude teenage boyfriend because the original guy had passed out. So at that late hour I had to step in without my shorts on and perform strictly because of our limited budget—which had nothing to do with the size of my cock or the fact I like to screw the leading lady off the job.

HUSTLER: What are your plans then for other films? Do you have other porno films in mind? Will they also be hard-core—or will they be, as you call it, "up with the quality" in fuck pics? What do you see as your direction now? Will you be going along with the trends which are beginning to feature some top stars in gay roles?

BAUMGARTEN: The success of this picture, *Sometime Sweet Susan*, will really determine how soon we will make any other sex films. The film I am currently considering first is *No More Blues*, written by Julian Barry to star Cliff Robertson. And a second film might be *Ava 1982* which is written by Tom Egan, about a fictional futuristic lady named Ava, who is into the pure sex-without-love of the future.

HUSTLER: Do you ever advise people to make their own home porno movies?

BAUMGARTEN: In no way should people ever make their own home porno movies, for even though they might be turned on by seeing pictures of themselves in various fucking positions, in no way do I recommend it. For one thing, it is illegal. Secondly, you probably don't know a lab where they can be safely printed without your being reported. And you might not be sure they haven't made a print for themselves. How would you like to attend some stag group and discover the star of the featured movie is your own self fucking your brains out on The big screen up front? 



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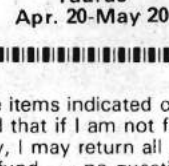
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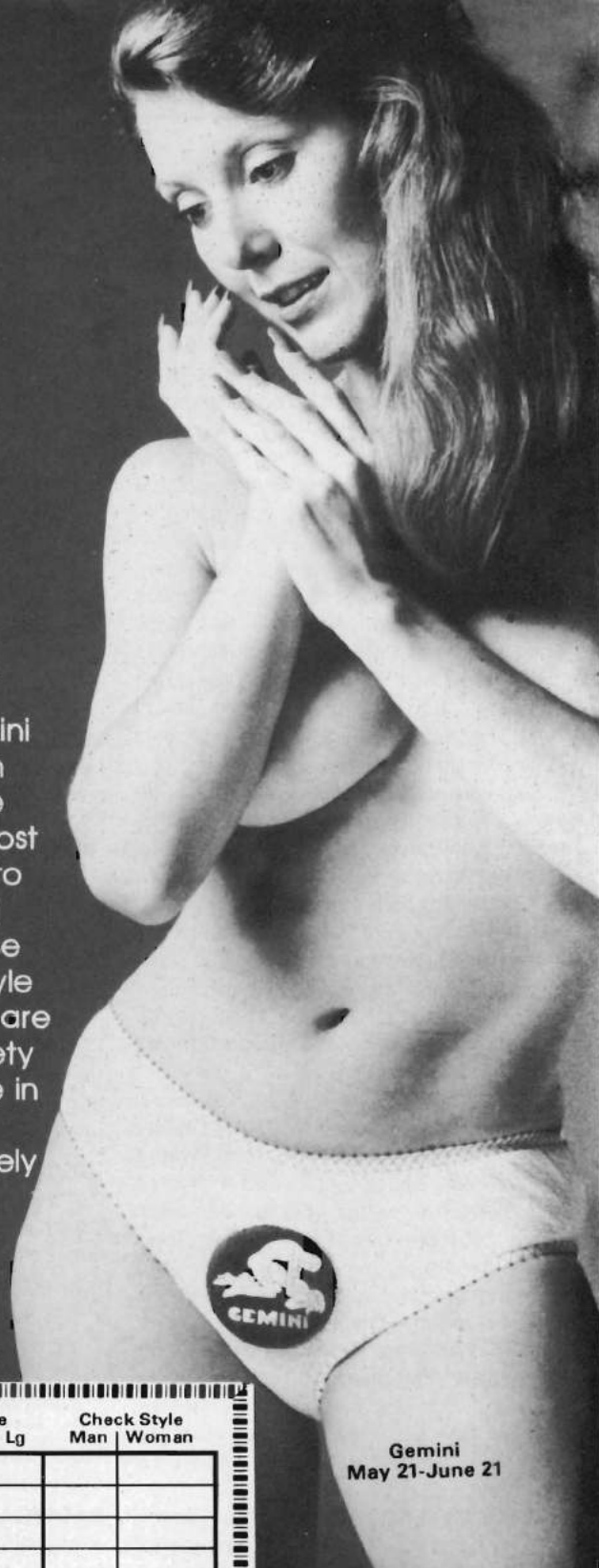
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FEEDBACK

continued from page 8

participate in the good life, are considered sportsmen and have active, healthy sex lives. We all enjoy the "pussy shots" in HUSTLER. It's about time we were allowed to view an open vagina, lips, and a "rear shot" . . . but how about some clearer closeups and perhaps an exposed clitoris?

Now let me get to the main purpose of this letter: In representing the Five Aces (since I drew the low card), we can't understand your preoccupation with the male genitals—example, the photos and drawings, etc. in Bits and Pieces. And what makes you think we want to see more of Butch? Please, let's try to keep HUSTLER a Man's Magazine, which means more cunt and tit photos. If you don't reduce the "guy" preoccupation, we are going to believe your address (Gay Street) reflects your personality.

Name Withheld by Request
Cincinnati, Ohio

Congratulations! As the one-millionth clown to make a shitty joke about our address, you win a year's supply of used scumbags . . . The cock photos are here so that all those "cunt and tit photos" won't feel lonesome.

POKER LOVING PUSSY PLAYER

I discovered your excellent magazine only recently, but I believe your August issue was the best I have seen so far. I liked the Jackie Onassis piece for its honesty and the Kinky Korner by Kaye Kirsh for its sexuality. But what really turned me on was the interview and photos of Marc Stevens. He could fuck me anytime! It may surprise you to know that many women enjoy seeing cock just as much as your male readers like to consider the erotic beauty of the cunt.

Personally, I would like to see more photos of Mr. Stevens, especially a side view of him in full erection to learn what those lucky actresses, who have appeared in his porno films, have been getting all this time—and getting paid for, too.

Edythe Caprillo
San Jose, Calif.

Have you met the Five Aces of Cincinnati?

S/M COVER?

The photo on the cover of your October '75 issue is the sexiest picture I've ever seen. There's not much high-quality photography—or literature either—available for people interested in S & M, but this is exquisite.

A whole story is evident in the photo. The young woman, beautiful and headstrong, has committed a long string of willful acts. Her man has told her of his decision that she needs punishment. She has considered and has decided to submit. She's leaning on the table ready, hands carefully placed away from her waiting ass. Her eyes are a little hard, covering some fear, but you can see she trusts her guy to beat her severely, yes, as severely as he finds necessary, but not brutally.

One improvement that could have been made: obviously, since the wall and the chair are to her left, she's about to be beaten by someone left-handed. Now most people are right-handed, and the picture would hold more reality for fantasies if she were posed ready for a blow from a right hand.

Name Withheld by Request
West Los Angeles, California

Actually her right-handed man was looking for a new and fun way of working on his tennis backhand. . . . You must be a million laughs at an ink-blot test.

"PUSSY OF THE MONTH"

Many compliments on the October '75 issue—especially to Debbie, ("Snake Snatch") and her picture on page 35. That is a beautiful spread. I also read the letter from Fred Dibblee ("Pussy Prints") in the Feedback section, and would like to offer a suggestion which would be of interest to him and to many of your readers. Why not run a regular "Pussy of the Month" photo? A full page, close-up photo of an open pussy. There is enough variety in girls' cunts to make this an interesting feature. Keep the picture very sharp and full of colorful detail. Debbie would be a good start.

R. A.
Pleasanton, Calif.

Your suggestion is being given very serious consideration as a one-time feature. But we


doubt whether it would work as a continuing feature, because as the old saying goes, "stand them on their heads and they're all sisters."

"PIE" AREN'T SQUARE

Just a note of thanks for mentioning *Apple Pie* in the Bits and Pieces section of your October issue. Coming from the hottest mag on the stands today, the complimentary nature of the text is doubly appreciated.

You've got a great title and a great magazine that's changing the publishing scene from a slew of dull girlie books to a slew of dull girlie books plus one interesting one—yours. Keep up the good work.

Dennis H. Lopez
Editor-in-Chief
Rex Weiner
Managing Editor
Apple Pie
New York, N. Y.

Thank you for livening up the humor magazine scene. 

THE PHILOSOPHER

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SEX PLAY

continued from page 20

love with him, or just falling asleep with him after everyone else leaves."

"What's your preference between a party of a dozen or less, or a large one like this?" I asked, gesturing at the crowd in the pool.

"Smaller parties are nice if you are really intimate with all the people, but we definitely prefer larger parties," Silvia replied. "If Bob and I were interested in one other man or woman, or another couple, we could have a threesome or foursome, but a large party guarantees more chances for a good time. If three people wanted to keep their clothes on and talk in the kitchen at a big gathering like this, that would be fine. If there were only six people at the party, three out of action would be a real wet blanket. Also, the larger the party the more likely you are to find someone you really dig."

"What about people who just don't fit in?" I asked.


"You mean a real klutz, like a guy who has to fuck every woman and bellow like a bull every time he comes? We had one of those last month. I think he was faking half the time. I just haven't invited him back. Also, once in a while you encounter the kind who, if he sees two men making love to a woman, he's just going to have to stick his prick in whether it's wanted or not. That's just a lack of sensitivity. It can happen at a regular party when someone butts into an intimate conversation. People just have to learn how to be sensitive. If they don't, we won't invite them back."

I asked her how people react their first time at one of her orgies.

"Well, of course it varies. A few people can't handle it and don't come back. Most often, however, people are ecstatic after the first time, walking on air for a week, advocating it to all their friends, etc. At the last party there was one woman who by midnight was running around saying that if everyone did this, it would put an end to all wars, for all time."

Watching my wife in the pool had finally brought my prick back up again and Silvia started to play with it.

"That's a nice hard-on," she said. "Sorry I can't do anything for it. I have a bunch of towels in the dryer that are ready to be recycled. It's part of the responsibility of being a hostess."

She shrugged her shoulders and took off for the laundry room. I took off after her. No telling what might happen in the laundry room! 

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PREVIEW

FEBRUARY PREVIEW

● **SHOCKING! HALF-MAN HALF-WOMAN**—Next month **HUSTLER** brings its readers the most bizarre human being we've ever seen. A truly shocking pictorial that's sure to freak you out!! What no other—but no other—men's magazine could dare, we deliver in living color. A must-see for everyone!

● **TONY POWER INTERVIEW**—A most unusual interview, to be sure, and one we're sure you'll enjoy. As editor of *Club* magazine, Power opens up and discusses with **HUSTLER** publisher, Larry Flynt, what *Club* has to offer to the American public, and how he plans to satisfy that audience. This is another step forward in **HUSTLER**'s attempt to give you totally honest and unbiased reporting.

● **RALPH GINZBURG PROFILE**—This man was jailed for putting out *Eros*, the most beautiful erotic magazine of its day. Today, *Eros* would be considered an art book, proving once again that we've come a long way, baby. Whatever happened to Ralph? Read how he's made his non-erotic comeback—by Eric Norden.

● **ANIMAL SEX LOVERS**—Ever wonder how the saying, "You bring out the beast in me" got started? Did your girl ever say, "Let's do it doggie style"? Or "Get your paws off me, you big ox"? Or maybe you remember your mother saying, "Now, petting can lead to disaster." Then you should read this revealing article and discover that bestiality is on the rise, and that not only are dogs man's best friend, they may be the Other Man as well—by Frank Thistle.

● **UNDERWEAR REVIVAL**—A funny, nostalgic story that will bring back fond memories of little Suzie Q and those groping-in-the-back-seat-blues. Next time you tell your kids, "You have it easy today," stop and think. Is it really easier to score when you've got to have sexy white teeth, breath like a candy cane, underarms that have a Secret and..... by Johnny Angel.

● **WITH A CHASSIS THAT'S SURE TO GET YOUR MOTOR REVVING**—And pistons that will put you into overdrive, guaranteed to excite your universal joint; you couldn't refuse to let her park in your garage, so make sure you catch our Garage Girl Fantasy in our next, "coming" issue.

● **AND**—Renee, our gorgeous centerfold next month is bound to satisfy the most discriminating tastes. Quite edible, indeed! As icing on the cake is Sondra, a blonde-haired tart who will please even the most seasoned man. Don't forget to catch our favorite gal, **HONEY HOOKER**, as she gets the campaign and champagne rolling at a cocktail party for U.S. Senator Bear Cockidy. All this, plus **BITS & PIECES**, **KINKY KORNER**, **SEX PLAY** and **HUSTLER HUMOR**.

PREVIEW

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NOTICE TO READERS

Since its inception, HUSTLER has responded to its readers, not the advertisers. Because of this unique editorial policy, we don't have the advertising support enjoyed by our competitors. As a result, it has been necessary to raise our price 50¢ per copy for January, in order to provide you with this super Holiday issue including our life-size centerfold. This is a bold step never before taken by any publisher, and could very well determine HUSTLER's success or failure, but HUSTLER is your magazine, it always has been and always will be. For this reason, I leave its destiny in your hands.

—Larry Flynt, Publisher

